

# The Azalea



RUTH MEEKER

Donated by

Dorothy Wiley Arnhold  
Class of 1923

27207 Highway 33  
Newman, California

Printed and Bound by the  
SONOMA COUNTY NEWS

The Azalea  
ANALY UNION HIGH SCHOOL  
SEBASTOPOL, CALIFORNIA  
1914

To The  
Teachers  
of  
Analy Union High School  
We, the  
Class of 1914  
Lovingly Dedicate the  
“Azalea”

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ANALY UNION HIGH SCHOOL

## **Faculty**



J. E. WILLIAMSON, Mathematics, History

LYMAN HARFORD, Commerce

SUSAN M. GREGORY, Spanish, Latin, English

MYRTLE G. CROMWELL, English, Latin

MRS. PAULINE PULCIFER, German, History, Algebra

AGNES R. JEWETT, Physics, Drawing,  
Physical Culture (Girls)

DAVID M. DURST, Chemistry, Agriculture,  
Physical Culture (Boys)

LOREN AMES, Manual Training



MR. WILLIAMSON



MR. HARFORD



MRS. PULCIFER



MISS JEWETT



MR. DURST



MISS CROMWELL



MR. AMES



MISS GREGORY

*Literary*



# The Heart of Macgregor

By MARY FELLERS

First Prize

"That crater'll kill some'un, some day," remarked Fergus Duncan to his wife that early summer morning as they sat at the breakfast table.

"Oo, he will that," answered Mary Duncan with a sad shake of her head. "Truly he should be killed himself, Fergus. Why Macgregor himself even daurna' gang near him. But for the memory of the little laddie——, ah, puir little lad, an' it is him he is greeting for."

"Aye, aye," and Fergus' eyes softened as they glanced again toward the angry mastiff. "An' it is a changed dog he is sin' th' little lad died."

"Ah, an' a changed mon Macgregor is," answered Mary Duncan.

Across the low hedge in the neighboring yard, the great mastiff chafed at his collar and tore at his chain. Some one was at the side door. It was the fresh air summer home solicitor, and her high, clear voice carried with aggravating distinctness to the savage occupant of the big, green kennel. His teeth gleamed ferociously from their black setting, and the masses of flesh drooping from his jaws quivered with uncontrolled rage.

"Shut up, you brute," growled Macgregor from the kitchen door. He, too, was annoyed by the voice of the little 'fresh air summer home' solicitor. It was a child she had with her,—a little white-faced boy, with a great shock of fair curly hair, and a twisted foot. He had never before been in the country, she said, and oh, his tale was so pitiful. He had dreamed and looked forward to these two weeks in the country for so long, and now that he had really come, they found that there had been a mistake, and there was no place for him.

The door between the dining room and the kitchen was open and Macgregor heard each word as though spoken to him. "They tell me you have a big house and no children."

His face darkened and, swinging on his heel, he strode across the kitchen and into the big, spotless dining room. Annie Mac-

gregor stood at the door with her back turned toward him. She started as his big form loomed up behind her, and her eyes met his beseechingly. The little 'fresh air summer home' solicitor stood before her. Her face looked drawn and a little tired, and Macgregor paused. But it was not the solicitor's tired face that made him pause at that moment, nor his wife's appealing look. His glance went beyond—, beyond across the porch to the small figure of a little white-faced boy, with a great shock of fair, curly hair and a twisted foot.

"He is such a good child,—oh, such a good child," pleaded the solicitor. "I'm sure he'd give you no trouble, and it's such a—." But a loud rasping sound from the back porch drowned her voice. In the same instant the face of Annie Macgregor went dead-white.

"The dog, Jock, the dog," she gasped. "He is loose. An' the bairn, the little lad,—Oh, God, save him, save him!"

With an oath Macgregor sprang across the porch to the small huddled figure by the post, but—, too late. There was a flash of sable and white, and the great dog lunged past him.

The little solicitor screamed, and Annie Macgregor turned her head with a sickening sense of horror. But there came no childish cry of terror, and, when she looked again, the great dog lay stretched full length on the ground, his massive head resting in the lap of a small boy with a twisted foot, and a great shock of fair hair, while the great fellow's big, brown eyes stared long and lovingly into the small face bent above him.

"Come in," said Macgregor gruffly to the little solicitor. "Come in."

It was a half hour later when the little 'fresh air summer home' solicitor walked blithely down the Macgregor driveway, leaving behind her a very happy small boy, and a still happier big mastiff dog, with brown eyes luminous with love and adoration.

"It's a bonny wee bairn, he is," observed Mary Duncan from her window across the hedge.

"An' it's a happy dog, old Malky is," replied her husband.

For the first time in five years, the days on the Macgregor farm passed too quickly, with a song and glint of sunshine. For the first time the blinds were rolled up, and the sunshine flooded unrestrained into the big old-fashioned rooms. Annie Macgregor walked with a lighter step and a brighter eye, while she cooked, and mended, and washed, and sewed for the little boy with the fair, curly hair, and a twisted foot, and a wonderful love for ranging the farm over, from the old barn on the southwest corner lot,

to the wooded banks of the gently flowing river on the most northern boundary. And old Malky,—how he barked, and leapt, and romped and roamed at his new little master's heels, in happy contrast to the savage brute that had torn at his chain the week before! Ah, who knows what little fairy of love and concord had slipped into his old doggie heart, with the coming of the tiny visitor, and scattered the darksome sprites of loneliness and wrath. Enough it is that his happy bark rang through the orchard as he bounded down the cow path and that it echoed in the hall, as he waited at the foot of the forbidden stairway for the familiar clump, clump of the heavy shoe on the little deformed foot.

But as all happy days must pass, the first week flew away, and the first night of the second week came, then the second night, and the third night, and the fourth, and then there was just Sunday, and the last day. On the seventh, little Theo was to say good-by.

It was the evening of the last day that they all sat together on the side porch. The sun had been long in setting that night, and its soft warm breath still lay over the earth. Insects buzzed in the honeysuckle vine, and the crickets chorused from the grass-grown ditch by the road. The water from the revolving fountain sprayed in the air, and, descending in a myriad of drops on the leaves of the rose bushes, dripped and dripped in little, round puddles on the soft, damp earth and in the hollows of the uneven brick walk. The air was heavy with the sweet scent of honeysuckle, of midsummer roses, of sweet peas that bloomed by the hammock, and with the spicy fragrance of the fir hedge.

In his reclining chair behind the screen of vines, Macgregor lay and puffed his pipe, while in the little wicker by the edge of the porch his wife repeated for the third time that night, the little good-night story, that another little boy years before had loved so well to hear. When she finished there was silence on the porch for a long time. The puffing of Macgregor's pipe, the creak of the little wicker rocker, and the heavy breathing of old Malky mingled in gentle confusion. And the insects buzzed in the honeysuckle, and the crickets chorused from the grass-grown ditch by the road.

The tall clock in the hall struck loudly, slowly, one—, two—, three—, four—, like the tolling of a church bell,—five—, six—, seven—, eight—, and nine. The last night of the last week was over. With a long drawn sigh, Theo turned and buried his face in the shaggy mane of his old playmate.

"Good-night, old Malky," he whispered. "Good-night." His

arms clung passionately about the dog's neck, and his lips lay on one velvety ear. "Good-night," he whispered again. "Malky, old boy, good-night." Then with burning eyes and swelling throat, he followed Mrs. Macgregor into the big, wide hall, up the winding stairway and into the little brown bedroom that had once been that other little boy's.

She pulled up the covers about him tenderly, kissed him once—, twice, and then left him alone in the great, empty dark.

It seemed to Annie Macgregor that she had been asleep a long time that night when she was suddenly awakened. What impelled her, she never knew, but before she scarcely realized that she was awake she had slipped out of bed and stolen into the little room across the hall. With trembling fingers she turned up the light, and then for one moment her heart stood still. The little, white bed was empty.

It was but a moment's work to rouse her husband, and together they searched the great house from attic to cellar, but the small white-clad form of little Theo was no where to be found.

"Oh, where can he be, Jock?" sobbed Annie at last. "Oh, where can he be?"

"Why Annie 'ooman," exclaimed Macgregor, and his voice was very gentle as he laid his hand on her hair. "Dinna greet. We will find him. Dootless he's been walking in his sleep, as wee Dannie used t' dae. Dinna remember? We will loose old Malky an' he will find him."

The suggestion was like tonic to her sinking heart. With renewed hope, she sprang up again. Lantern in hand and cloaks drawn about them they stole out in the midnight stillness to the big, green kennel by the back porch. There was a little movement within in answer to Macgregor's low call, but that was all. Setting down the lantern, he stooped to the low door, and then drew back with an exclamation. There with his tiny arms entwined about the dog's neck, and fair, curly head on the dog's warm breast, lay the little white-clad form of the child they were seeking.

A great lump rose in Macgregor's throat, and a strange mist dimmed his eyes. "Puir, wee bairn," he whispered tenderly. "Puir, wee bairn. Twere a peety to take him awa'." And in the gray of the early dawn, they slipped back into the house and left him with his playmate.

"An' its a changed dog, old Malky is," observed good Mary Duncan from her window over the hedge many weeks later, "sin' the bairn came."

"Aye, an' it's a changed mon Macgregor is sin' they decided to keep him," added her husband.

## The Song of the Pines

By LUCILLE SCOTT

Second Prize

What is the story the pines tell as they rustle and nod at each other; whispering so mysteriously all the while? Perhaps a story of youth, love and happiness; perhaps a story of sorrow, pain and disaster. One moment light and joyously they whisper in the breeze, another, eerily and gayly, and then they sigh as if in sorrow or pain, and all who hear them feel oppressed. Day after day, over and over again, they sing their songs taken from the book of Life, and little children listen to their song of joy, and lovers, strolling beneath their rustling branches, smile at each other as they hear the song of love. But when they change their song to one of sorrow they hasten away, forgetting that all cannot be love and happiness, and that sorrow and pain must come to everyone.

But why do the pines sing these songs? Why are they always whispering these stories of life,—these stories of joy and love, sorrow and sadness? We all wonder, but not many know; this is the story I heard long ago, told me by an old, white haired lady, beloved by all, who, although her face was wrinkled and lined with care, nevertheless had the light of love, rest and peace in her eyes, for she had lived the book of Life, chapter by chapter, and had at length found complete happiness.

Long, long ago, far away in the middle of the blue sea, lay the beautiful island of "Joy," like a glittering emerald, for it was covered with forests, and on its shores there were always flowers blooming. On this island no sorrow, sickness or hatred ever dwelt, and all were happy and carefree, for this was the only world known to the inhabitants, and they longed for none other. Perhaps they wondered, as they gazed far away over the sea, if there was another land remote from them, but they were happy where they were, and no longing for other things filled their breasts.

But one day to this island, where summer reigned all the year, there came an old, white-bearded man, bent over with age, and leaning heavily on his staff. The people gazed at him in awe, for they knew that he must have come from the heavens, and they

gathered around him, asking who he was and from whence he was sent. Then he spoke kindly to them, telling them that he was named Wisdom, and to their wondering, eager ears he told stories of the other great world, where all the experiences and emotions of life were felt. So the people were filled with longing to see this other world and unrest, a thing never before felt by them, pervaded the island. Then at last the old man promised them that they should visit this other world for one year, but that at the end of that time they must return to the island, to tell him their experiences, for he would remain alone on the island. So the people were filled with joy, and tumult reigned on the island; then they built a throne for the old man, under the only Pine tree on the island, for they loved it best of all their trees, and there he sat and gave them counsel.

Then one day a great white ship, called Sorrow, came to the island and all the people boarded it, and as it sailed out of the harbor they felt their first sorrow, for they had grown to love the old, white haired man. They looked with longing eyes at the beautiful island, for they would fain have gone back, but the ship sailed on, and in expectation they awaited their next experience of life, for they had felt their first sorrow. Then one day a great storm came up and fear and trembling came upon the whole ship as they were tossed about by the waves, but the storm died and there was no wind, so for a week they lay becalmed, and the water gave out, so that all were in great pain, and they struggled among one another for the last drop of water, for now they felt hatred, as each desired the same thing. At last a cooling breeze came, and rain fell; yet all felt sorrow-stricken, for several among the babes had died, but their mothers gave a song of thanksgiving, for their children were now in a land where peace and happiness always dwell, and they would feel no more pain and sorrows of those who were going to the world where Life was lived in full.

At last the ship, urged on by gentle breezes, sailed into a deep harbor and docked. Wondering and filled with awe the people stood and gazed about; for now they saw their first great city, thronging with life, and full of noise and tumult. For a long time they gazed, but no one ever noticed them, so they parted in sorrow, and each went his own way and was lost in the throng of the great city. Then at last all the experiences and emotions of life, with sorrow and pain, sickness and hatred, joy, sunshine and happiness were felt, but they thought with sorrow and great longing of their island home, and waited eagerly for the end of the year.

Meanwhile, all alone on the island dwelt the old man Wisdom, and sadly he smiled as he thought of the suffering of his people were undergoing, for in his heart they were always his people. as he had grown to love them dearly; he had also grown to love the island, especially the pine tree, and he sat under it and listened to all the breezes, singing through its branches. But then it never whispered stories to him, but unmoved by the soft winds, seemed to listen to their song, although it never answered back.

One beautiful day the great white ship sailed back to the island, but its sails were black for all were not returning, and although the old man had foreseen this, nevertheless his smile was sad, and patiently he awaited the coming of the people as he sat under the pine tree. Slowly they came, bearing with them some crippled, some blind and some sick, but when they saw him as they had left him, they smiled and happiness came to all alike, and they sat beneath the great pine tree and told him of their experiences in the world of life. When all had done the old man smiled on them kindly and started to speak but suddenly he stopped and listened, and all the people listened and gazed in wonder at each other, for the branches of the great pine were whispering and nodding to each other and telling the stories which they heard told by those who had travelled through the journey of life. And ever since the pine trees have whispered to each other as the breezes stir their branches, and perhaps they will always do so, for who knows?



# The Flower That Grew Between

By EVA WILLIAMSON

Third Prize

The golden-red light of the setting sun fell in slants and cross-slants on the open pages of "Warden's Fourth Reader" as it rested silently in Teddy's lap. Teddy had been vainly trying to read his lesson for the next day but myriads of little figures continually danced all over the book. Now they were yellow, now red, now black. They sometimes danced clear off the page, and seemed to chase each other around the floor, walls and ceiling of the room but always they would come back to torment and torture him. Teddy raised his chubby little hands to his eyes, as if he wished to hold them in place, and then he knew where the weird little figures had come from. They had jumped out of his eyes, because some were still there, between their corners and his nose. However they did not intend to stay long if they could find an opening from which they could escape, as they were fighting and tumbling over one another in their wild flight toward liberty. Teddy wondered if they knew about Little Sister.

The day had been intolerably hot and dry; even now Teddy thought the sun would never cease shining, as it insistently beat down through the many-paned windows upon his book.

The book was opened at Longfellow's poem "The Reaper and the Flowers" and Teddy read:

There is a Reaper whose name is Death  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

Teddy had read this poem before. He did not see why it should impress him so but today a big lump rose in his throat and a huge tear, after squeezing out of the corner of his eye, rolled perilously down his cheek until it reached a point midway between his nose and mouth, where it vanished from sight in the deep recesses of a dimple which had not been effaced by the lines of mystery and sorrow that marked his face.

The sun had now disappeared behind the hill and the room was filled with vague, fleeting shadows which were soothing to Teddy after the bright, dancing figures had left his eyes.

Teddy closed the book and softly stole out by the kitchen door so that he should not make any noise. He went to the barn-yard to seek comfort in the friendly chickens and turkeys but they too were sad and unhappy, or perhaps affected by the heat for they had already retired to the protecting branches of the large pepperwood that drooped over the corn-crib.

Teddy's father had not worked all day. Early in the morning he had hitched old Molly to the buck-board and had started off toward the village ten miles away. About noon he had returned with old Doctor Addison. They had entered the house together and neither had left it all afternoon. Every member of the family looked worried and sad. At noon when Teddy had gone in for his luncheon nobody else appeared except Mary Ann, his faithful old nurse and cook. She merely patted his head and murmured "My blessed darlin'," then, without explaining any thing, she hastily turned around and, under pretence of examining a dying plant in the window, wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron.

As there was nothing to interest him out of doors, Teddy crept into his room and sat down by the open window. He knew that his mother would come into his room for her good-night talk, even if it were mid-night before she could find time. "Mums will tell me what's the matter," he muttered, and then sat tracing the pattern of the rug.

After many minutes his mother came in softly. She placed her hand on his head and stood thus for a long time, looking out the window, apparently at the tiny moon but in reality at nothing.

Teddy thought his mother had never looked more like an angel than she did this evening as she stood so silent and beautiful. The way the moonbeams played with the ripples of her waving hair reminded him of the ocean as he had seen it on the moonlight nights when he had spent such happy hours on the beach with his mother, father and little sister. "But that was before Little Sister fell sick and mother became thin and worried," he thought.

Teddy's mother stood by the window for a long time, evidently trying to gain courage to speak to him. At last she turned

around and in a voice tender with love and grief said: "Teddy dear, listen."

Then she quoted:

"Oh not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth  
And took the flower away."

She then kissed the curls softly and neither spoke for a long time. But now Teddy understood.

In the long, long night that followed, while he tossed about on his pillow, always thinking, thinking, of his mother's face as she repeated the stanza and of his little sister, Teddy could not help wondering how his mother had been able to remain so quiet and calm through the many months of Little Sister's sickness. And she herself was so pale and worn.

Years and years afterward when Teddy grew to be a man he still thought of his mother's face that evening, as she recited the poem, with the moon-beams playing on her hair. But then he realized how she could bear her great sorrow. She had had time to think and think during all Little Sister's illness and his mother did not think useless thoughts. He knew then, that Longfellow was right when he said:

"And the mother gave in tears and pain  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above."



## The Roman Lamp

By HARRIETT MADDOCKS

Fourth Prize

There was once a Roman lamp, who had the good fortune of living in a patrician's palace in Pompeii. He was looked upon with great respect by the other lamps because he was made of silver and engraved with quaint figures. His handle was a flowering vine and the snuffer was a flower. He was a very proud lamp and drew himself up taller than all his companions. "Some day I shall go out into the world and do great things. What a pity you can never hope to do anything but stay in the kitchen," he said to a plain kitchen lamp one day when he was taken out to be polished and filled with oil. Then he was carried away by a servant and placed in the banquet room, where he dreamed of the splendor of the banquet to be given that night.

Suddenly he was aroused from his dream by a scream from the Persian vase in the middle of the long table. The Persian vase was usually quiet and reserved so when she screamed he was all attention. "Oh what will become of us? My friend, Mr. Mouse, has just told me Vesuvius is in eruption." Just as she spoke a rock came crashing through the roof and a shower of ashes followed it, which almost choked the Roman lamp. Just then a servant came into the room, seized the lamp and carried him to a dark cellar. The lamp shivered for the cellar was dusty and full of spider webs. Outside he could hear shrieks above the confusion.

At last all was still and the lamp stood staring around him. A few frightened rats ran back and forth in the cellar and the spiders came out to look for prey. At first he avoided them, but gradually as time passed, their companionship became more agreeable. They gathered in a circle about him while he told stories about beautiful gardens and the luxurious banquets given in the patrician's palace. One by one the spiders and then the rats dropped from the circle and the Roman lamp heard rumors of starvation, about him.

Years passed and the lamp grew tarnished and covered with dust. "Now I am more beautiful than ever," he thought. "This black makes me look slender and delicate." One day he heard a loud noise and a few moments later he was pulled out into the sunlight. "How things have changed," he said to himself. "Where is the palace, where are the streets, and the gardens? The amphitheater is gone and where are those noisy gladiators?" Before he had time to see anything else, he was placed in a bag with a number of other lamps and vases. "Where are we?" he asked his nearest neighbor, a vase in the shape of a fat old man.

"I just heard that fellow, who calls himself a dynamite box say something about excavation what ever that is, and that we were still in Pompeii."

That night the sack was carried away and at last when it was opened the Roman lamp found himself in a dirty little shop. A grimy old man came to polish his wares and when he reached the lamp, he picked it up and examined it carefully. The lamp shuddered with disgust at his touch, but nobody noticed him.

"Now perhaps someone will buy me and I shall see the world. Perhaps it will be a beautiful princess," said the lamp. He smiled stiff silver smiles at all who came into the shop. His nearest neighbor in the shop was a little brass candle-stick. She had a great many stories to tell about her life before coming to the shop and soon the two became good friends. A tall blue porcelain pitcher stood on the shelf above them, and when ever possible he monopolized the conversation. The Roman lamp hated him with all his silver heart. "You look like a cheat," the pitcher said one day, when he was feeling unusually cross. "I don't believe you ever saw Pompeii. It's more likely that you were made just to sell to tourists." The Roman Lamp was very angry at such slander, but long ago the Persian vase had told him it was not polite to fight in the presence of ladies so he sullenly glowered at the pitcher and said nothing.

The days flew quickly past and the lamp thought he had never seen anyone as nice as the little brass candlestick. He had given up wishing for a princess to come and buy him. All he wanted was to remain in the little shop with the candle stick.

One day two young ladies came into the shop. After looking around a while one of them pointed to the Roman lamp and the dirty old man, who owned the shop, picked it up and handed it to her in exchange for some money. "Americans" grunted the blue porcelain pitcher, "I hope they like you, Mr. Cheat." Before he

had time to tell the little candle-stick good-bye he was swathed in brown paper and placed in a bag.

"I wonder where I am going and what will become of the little candle-stick?" said the lamp. "Oh, why was I so anxious to be bought?"

"Keep still!" grunted the paper that was wrapped around him. "Isn't it bad enough for me to be carried off without you scolding about what will happen to you and that silly brass candle-stick."

The lamp sighed and resolved not to say anything more, for the sake of keeping peace. He felt too sad to argue. The journey came to an end soon after and when he was removed from his paper wrappings the lamp found himself in a large room of a hotel, with a girl bending over him. "I wonder if it really came from Pompeii. It looks very old and I can hardly wait to fill it and see if it leaks," she was saying as the last piece of paper dropped from the lamp. He was beginning to tell her about his adventures and that no one had ever accused him of leaking before, when the wrapping paper said with a crackling chuckle:

"Do you suppose she can hear you? Be quiet!"

The lamp did not answer, for to his surprise upon looking around he saw the little brass candle-stick smiling at him from the mantle. "How did you get here?" he asked, almost afraid to speak lest it should prove only a dream.

"That other American lady bought me at the same time you were sold," smiled the little candle-stick. "But we might as well have stayed in that dirty little shop for that friendly little gold clock on the dresser said we were to cross the ocean to America and that these two ladies live many miles apart." The Roman lamp straightened himself bravely and resolved to find a way. Suddenly an idea came to him and he grimly accepted it. Just then the young lady approached him with a small can of oil and almost before he realized it, he was casting his mellow light over all the objects in the room.

That night the hotel burned down and among the ruins a small lump of metal was found which could scarcely be recognized as silver and brass.

# Memories

By ELEANOR PURRINGTON

First Prize History Story

An old man sat on the porch of his granddaughter's home. He was old and bent, and the head that bowed over his cane was snowy white. It was spring. The bees were humming, the birds singing, and at his feet the golden poppies vied in glory with the sun. The gentle breeze wafted by, bearing the scent of apple blossoms. The old man blew a ring of smoke upward, stared at it, but, he saw it not. He saw myriads of pink and white apple blossoms. He was walking thru them and was very happy, for by his side walked a girl with the sunlight reflected in her hair.

Again he heard the birds singing, the hum of busy bees, again heard the murmur of a low voice and smelled the fragrance of apple blossoms which had been dust for fifty years.

"Extra! Extra, all about the war with Mexico," shouted a little newsboy as he hurried along.

The old man hobbled to the gate, bought a paper and sat studying it for a long time. "May God forbid, may God forbid a war" he muttered to the poppies beside the porch.

On the first page was a picture of a flag, yet, perhaps it was because of the mist before his eyes, he was looking at another flag. It alone was moving, it waved gloriously in the sun while the vast throngs about stood dumb as if in the presence of the Almighty. Thru the old man's mind echoed part of that famous address by Lincoln.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here, have consecrated it, far beyond our poor power to add or detract." The phrase "who struggled here" re-echoed again and again. He looked at the flag and smiled, yet sighed as he smiled.

The scene before the old man's mind had changed. He was living over again the battle of Gettysburg. The Union soldiers were marching to their places. Those under Hancock were stationed on Cemetery Ridge. Now they had reached the crest, the

guns were planted, all took their places in readiness. Both sides seemed to realize the toll that would be collected in the Valley of Death which lay between the armies. Both sides were loath to start the battle. A long nerve-racking wait after the men were stationed. A few shots came from the southern ranks, the northern soldiers replied, the battle had started. Far down the line came shots, then more, and more; cannons belched forth death.

The flower of the confederacy was lined across the valley. Spurts of flame told of the starting of the missiles; groans, shrieks, and prayers of the wounded and dying told of their end. Then the rumble and roar gave promise of more to come.

The din grew denser, the charges could not be distinguished from the thundering roar that rolled across the valley from side to side and reverberated among the hills. The men are falling, their places are filled by those from behind as the onslaught continues.

It is four o'clock on that afternoon. Look across on that hill, the line seems to be advancing. Are they moving? They are coming. Yes, they are coming. The bugles are blowing and the drums are playing Dixie. The men proudly step along. The light hits their bayonets and looks like scales of a huge serpent creeping on its prey. Now the huge guns are seen, one hundred twenty-six cannon. Now they are within range, they open fire on Cemetery Ridge.

The Union flag staff is broken. It falls. The little drummer boy on the box catches it. A missile strikes him. The little drummer boy falls with the flag under him. He is quickly raised. The field of the flag is gone and the stripes are all red now.

"Private Philips, to the mess tent, third tent, fourth row, bring new flag."

"Behind the hill, boys, they want the hill, we'll give them h—."

Back across the field went Philips all excitement. Would they be so daring as to really try to take the hill. It must be only a bait for the Blues. Would they take the hill? No, they couldn't, but,—how close would they get?"

Ugh! Philips had tripped over a corpse. His arm was in a pool of blood that was not yet cold. He was lying between the bodies of a horse and man.

"Poor fellow, not yet cold, leg blown off. Good God, it's Ben. Here is a locket, I'll keep it for his folks."

Philip started again toward the tents, all his excitement was now gone. Sorrow was stealing into his heart. On both sides lay the dead and dying. A riderless horse was standing over a rigid corpse, all that was left of the master that he had loved.

As he stumbled on, two huge vultures rose a little way from the ground, then settled back to tearing the flesh from a body.

A cold, grey, nameless fear was stealing into his heart. It seemed like a clammy hand that was closing over it, robbing it of all but unspeakable fear and dread. He tried to shake it off but the clammy hand squeezed tighter.

He looked down. A corpse with a powder-blackened face stared wildly up at him. He turned to the right to get away from those glaring eyes. But there he saw dozens instead of one pair. He turned to the left and put up his arm to shut out the awfulness—the toll of war. A nasty, cold, grey mist was falling. Behind, the screaming roar of battle bore down upon the man and engulfed him.

Before his mental vision came an awful apparition, a huge grinning skeleton was mounted on a wounded horse. The figure wore a slimy, grey misty robe and dragged along behind were mutilated corpses over which hideous vultures were fighting. Some of the tattered uniforms were blue and some were grey.

The skeleton stopped, grinned more friendishly than before and said, "My name is Death, my joy is war, and this my holiday since Waterloo."

Philip opened his eyes, but the glaring eyes of Death's victims stared wildly up at him. The mutilated bodies looked more awful in the drizzling rain. How soon would he, now standing here alive and warm, be lying mutilated, or be torn to bits by the vultures?

A little voice seeming to come from the mists, whispered "desert."

Desert? Yes, that is what I'll do. I will get away from these awful blood-soaked fields and staring eyes. The vultures shall not have me, thought the private. No one will ever know. They will think that I am dead. These dead will never be searched.

He could see his mother coming out to meet him. How glad she would be. She would forgive him for deserting.

"I will," he breathed and clenched his fists. In his left hand he felt something hard. He opened his hand and from Ben's locket his sister the girl with the sunlight in her hair, looked up at Philip. He bent down to kiss the locket, but—no, he was not

worthy to touch even her painted likeness. He had vowed to become a traitor.

He again heard a low voice say, "do your duty—but I know you will." Then he remembered the commanding tones, "third tent, fourth row, new flag." Gripping the locket firmly he went forward, "third tent, fourth row," and found the flag, went back across the field.

He joined the ranks. "Let 'em have it boys," the Rebs were almost to the cannon's mouth. The southern flag was flying, now it waves for an instant, it waves on the northern breastworks. But only for an instant, for brave Armistead falls, not dead but like the southern confederacy, not yet dead but mortally wounded.

Philips springs forward, plants the flag and hears the joyous shouts of his comrades. He sees it wave victorious, he smiles and kisses the miniature.

Tears were coursing down the old man's cheeks. He drew from his breast a flat locket, pressed a spring and there within, a tiny piece of a flag. A piece of the flag that waved victorious over Cemetery Ridge, the same flag that floated above President Lincoln when he gave his address that stilled the hearts of those present and stirs the patriotism of all who read or hear it. A tear dropped on the piece of flag. The old man picks it up tenderly. There looking up at him is the girl with the sunshine in her hair.



## True Devotion

By SYLVER STROUT

Second Prize History Story

Andrew Jackson's general merchandise store of rough-hewn logs was the central gathering place for the small handful of back-woodsmen who happened to live so far from cultured circles as Lonesome Camp.

Here, one day, seated on floor barrels and soap boxes, a group of rustic settlers were discussing the important topics of their neighborhood. "Well," drawled one, "Jackson, you didn't have a great sight o' trouble in being nominated for the governor's chair of this 'ere state of Tennessee. The real fight an' rub will come in gettin' elected."

The storekeeper, a tall, lank, uncouth personage, with his shaggy red locks falling over his brow, and a queue tied with a strip of eelskin hanging down his back, kicked the heel of one heavy cowhide boot with the broad toe of the other and replied, "Yow, Pete, work or no work, I'm going to be governor and the people'll have to elect me. My wife, though she don't say much, has set her heart on my being elected governor of Tennessee. And if she wants me to be governor, I'll fight until I am."

"But," put in a short, stubby fellow with large piercing eyes, "the people might not like the outcome of your duel with Dickinson. I'm afraid, since he's laid up and injured for life, that the opinions of some might not exactly jibe with us that know you."

"Keep your tongue!" thundered Andrew Jackson. He didn't get as bad as he deserves. Any one who dares to say one word against my wife—," the proprietor of the little store stood speechless and choking with rage at thought of the daring words of Charles Dickinson, which had brought on their violent duel, in which the offender had received much the worst of it.

When the man's fiery wrath had cooled down one of the company summoned courage to speak meekly. "Andy, I heard Charles Dickinson's brothers swear this morning to kill you, for

their brother's injuries; so be sure you always have your knives and pistols along with you in your belt."

"I can take care of myself and half a dozen besides," Jackson shouted, and to look at the set features of this rough-looking man who stood six feet and one inch in his stockings, his statement was not hard to believe.

Soon he continued, "You fellows just keep working for me, and when I'm governor there'll be some nice, cozy corners for those who help to elect me."

That night when Andrew Jackson was walking down the village street, which was hardly more than a beaten forest road, two men rushed upon him from the darkness and drew their pistols and knives. Jackson, seeing that the two men were Charles Dickinson's brothers, reached for his pistol.

A bloody affray ensued, and Jackson's shoulder was horribly slashed and shattered. He was utterly exhausted when he had put his two opponents to flight and friends bore him home.

For several days he lay weak and pale upon a bed of suffering. Then he heard that a dreadful and shocking massacre had taken place at Fort Mims and that the Creeks were committing the most awful ravages. Decisive action was necessary. There seemed to be no one to head the troops to repel the terrific cruelty of the Indians. Andrew Jackson did not hesitate. In an instant he knew what had to be done. Haggard and feeble, he staggered from his sick bed and mustered together a band of two thousand resolute troops. One arm hung in a sling, and he was unable to mount his horse without assistance, when at the head of his army, he fondly, and affectionately bade good-bye to his wife who was the apple of his eye.

For eleven days, Jackson, though suffering with his wounds and weak condition as a result of the fight with the two brothers, led his army thru the pathless wilderness, thru tangled forests and over wild ravines, to the Indian's strongest fort at Horseshoe Bend. Here a successful attack was made upon the Indians and in a desperate, bloody battle, in which the carnage was awful, the power of the Creeks was broken forever.

After this great victory Andrew Jackson led his men slowly back thru the wild rough country, homeward. His glorious success exalted him, for it would go a long ways in securing his election, and election time was near. But he felt the happiest when he thought of his wife's rejoicing. How proud she would be at his triumph!

As he thought of her, his hard-set features softened, a soft light illuminated his commanding eyes, and a fond smile stole to his firm, resolute lips, and he spoke softly to himself, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there." At last the weary band reached Lonesome Camp. Andrew Jackson, worn out with the trip's hardships, hurriedly made his way to his home, with joyful anticipation.

But the store seemed so quiet as he entered. He opened the door which led from the store to the rooms in which he and his wife lived. An awful terror and sickness seized him as he looked upon the tear-stained face of a neighbor woman.

"Where is Mary? What's the matter?" he cried as a grasping, clutching fear gripped his heart. The woman with sighs and moans sobbed out the short story: Mrs. Jackson had suddenly been stricken with fever and had died. Everything was blurred and dark before the eyes of the victorious general. The strong man fell to the floor, unconscious. For days and days he hovered between life and death. At last he rallied and his life was almost out of danger, but he did not care to live.

One evening Peter entered his room. He was the first visitor the doctor had admitted.

"Well, old man, you are elected Governor. Your little fight at Horseshoe Bend turned the trick. You had better hurry and get well so that you can fill the chair."

"Tell them that I will be governor under no conditions, whatever," the sick man feebly but resolutely said.

The visitor's face was one big question mark. "Why Andy —," he protested. "Go, right now, I will not be Governor. That's settled. Tell the rest of them."

As the visitor left the room the sick man staggered from his bed to a chest of drawers. From the top one he extracted the little prayer book which his wife had owned and loved so well. From between its pages he drew forth a miniature of his wife. He gazed long and sadly at the beloved face. Falling into a chair by the table he tried to read, thru blinding tears, the favorite passage of his wife's prayer book. Then clasping the little book in one hand, his face fell upon the likeness on the table, and Andrew Jackson, the wild, rough, daring man uttered a choking groan of agony.

Peter and the other friends of Andrew Jackson were sorely grieved and bitterly disappointed at his refusal of the governor's chair—both for his sake and for their own. But Jackson did not forget his promise to those who had worked for him. In later years, as the President of this nation, he found enough "cozy corners" with which to reward his old friends at Lonesome Camp.

## Puppy Love

By LAWRENCE CARRILLO

Jim paused, started, paused, then, setting his chin with fierce determination, rushed into Miss Smith's room and stood before his surprised—almost frightened, English teacher.

"Please give my story back!" Then because Miss Smith looked puzzled he went on, "That story! That prize story! I want it back. I don't want to have it published! I'll give back the prize. I—I—I'll—"

"James Goodwin!" Miss Smith started from her chair and stood before him. "What can be the matter with you? Are you in your right senses?"

The high school which Jim attended had offered five dollars as a prize for the best short story. Jim had tried, won the prize and also the honor of having his story published in the school paper. Now at the last moment he wanted the story returned—no wonder Miss Smith thought he was out of his senses.

"Why that story went to press two weeks ago," Miss Smith went on, "And I shouldn't wonder if they had all the papers printed by this time. And supposing they didn't—why the paper would be a failure without the prize story in it! And—and—and—why James! What can you be thinking about? Just think of all the trouble you would make. The prize would have to be awarded to someone else. And really don't you think it an honor to win the prize? Don't you feel proud to have your story published in the paper?"

Jim was a square-jawed boy, and his face wore a determined expression when he answered. "You don't understand, Miss Smith! You—you can't understand. You see that story was true—and—and I don't think she would like to have it published! You see we quarreled and I wrote the whole love affair—quarrel and all."

Miss Smith regarded him in a new light—there was something like a twinkle in her eye. "Well, James, you had better speak to the Editor. You know she is running the paper, not I."

Both the Editor and Manager were called into Miss Smith's room, and a lively discussion followed. Bill Jones, the manager,

did not say much—he was evidently waiting 'till he got James alone. Such a bonehead! To spoil the whole paper—and wait till the last minute to do it, too!

The Editor was different. She had spirit and showed it. "Why James Goodwin, I'm surprised at you! I've got my opinion of a boy that would do such a thing! I suppose the poor girl really cared for you until that quarrel and just as likely as not you quoted everything she ever said to you. No wonder your conscience hurt you, mine would too. Why, I wouldn't have that story in my paper for anything!"

The decision of the Editor was evidently final. Anyway that evening the manager sent the following telegram to the publishing company:—

"Do not print prize story. Am sending another by mail as substitute."

In leaving the telegraph office, the Manager noticed James Goodwin across the street. James had a smile on his face and seemed to be very happy.

The next day Jim went fishing. What cared he if the trout didn't bite! He was at peace with himself and the rest of the world—and he was light-hearted and conscience free, and that went a long way toward making up for the fish.

Such fisherman's luck! He caught five bullheads and one small trout. The creek was evidently "all fished out." On any other day this would have made him mad and cross—but today—he should worry if they didn't bite!

"I wish I had someone to talk to," thought James. "I didn't know it was so pretty and cool down along this creek bank. Just look at that bunch of ferns, moss and wild violets over there, I mean that bunch at the foot of those redwood trees. Talk about your cultivated flower gardens, you've got to get out here in the woods if you want to see real flower gardens and ferneries."

Jim walked on. A bush rabbit hopped across his path. Farther on a chipmunk scrambled up a tree and shook some dead leaves and branches down on him. Everything seemed happy!

A flock of black birds flew in from a neighboring grain field and settled in a dead poplar tree. Their bright feathers glistened in the sunshine and their strange chirping filled the air with weird music. A tree toad, clinging to a willow trunk, started a solo, evidently meant to drown the gurgling of the creek, but finished with a lot of hoarse croaking.

As Jim walked on he thought of the story he might have had published in the school paper, also of the girl in the story. Funny he cared so much about that girl! He remembered a lecture given him about being sentimental. She had told him a boy of his age didn't know what love was. Jim concluded he must be an exception to the general rule of boys.

Did you ever notice that when you think real hard about someone you are always sure to see him? Well, Jim saw that girl!

She was seated on the grass beside the creek counting fish and arranging them very neatly on a string (they were real trout too; no wonder they wouldn't bite for Jim).

The sunlight flittered through the redwood branches and fell upon her flushed face—wasn't she pretty. Jim was glad he hadn't published that story. She looked up, after placing the twenty-fourth big trout on the string, and caught sight of James. "Hello!"

James tipped his cap and answered (I'm afraid he was somewhat awkward about it though—you see he hadn't spoken to her for over a month).

"I heard all about it, James. All about that awful story you wrote. I'm awful glad you didn't let them publish it. You—you're the best boy friend I've got, James."

Of course they kissed and made up—they always do.





## Class Roll

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Carmen Urcell Blessing  
Bertram Howard Bower  
Ivy Florence Burroughs  
Dorothy Olivia Maddocks

Minnie Gertrude Wedge

Margaret Viola Patterson  
Edna Maud Ristau  
Laurence Vivian Ristau  
Sylver Beth Strout

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CLASS COLORS—White and Gold.  
CLASS FLOWER—Carnation.  
CLASS MOTTO—*Nihil nisi optimum.*



CARMEN BLESSING

Her hair making a golden glory in  
the air.



BERTRAM BOWER

In action faithful and in honor clear.



SYLVER STROUT

She takes most delight in music.

MINNIE WEDGE

Never idle a moment but thrifty  
and thoughtful of others.



EDNA RISTAU

The ideal woman of a young man's  
dream.



IVY BURROUGHS

A stately maiden and tall.

DOROTHY MADDOCKS

Her cheeks with blushes crimsoned  
o'er.



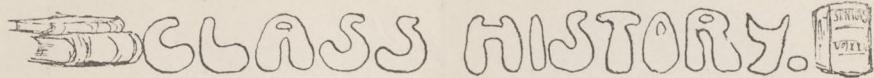
LAURENCE RISTAU

Fair hair, blue-eyed, his aspect  
blithe.



MARGARET PATTERSON

A contented spirit is the sweetness  
of existence.



## CLASS HISTORY.

I, Father Time, have heard a rumor that the class of fourteen is about to graduate from that great hall of learning in Sebastopol. Could it possibly be four years since they entered? Well, I will make myself sure of it by turning back four pages in my Book of Time.

Here on the page 1910-1911 I see forty names. Yes, there were forty timid little laboring Freshmen; flying their colors of white and gold. Ah! these notes say that they won such high honors that even the staring Seniors had to admit it. Now you know that this is not natural for Seniors—for they hardly ever think of the frisky Freshmen without attaching the eternal greenness to them. Not only in intellect and social affairs did they make broad strides but they scored also in athletics, especially after they welcomed two more during the second semester, the brother in the couple being an "all-star" in baseball.

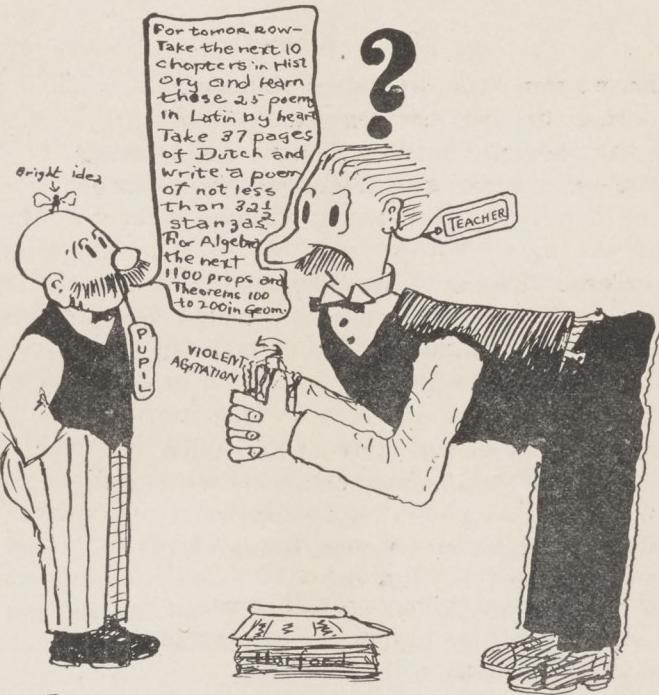
On the page 1911-1912 I have a note to the effect that about thirty pupils were pushing and rushing in under the portals of Analy, and acting as Sophomores act. With much jollity blended in with the hard struggling in Ancient History and the languages made this year pass by all too quickly.

When the next school year began, I hardly recognized the Juniors of Analy. They had dwindled down to fourteen before the close of the term and I leave it to you to picture them welcoming two more comrades into their ranks, one having come over a long and rough road.

Time slips by like the sand in an hour glass. Ah me! Where have my friends gone? Here I behold only nine. It is certainly the survival of the fittest and their quality and not their quantity must be born in mind. Now they trample slightly as they once were trampled upon. The feeling of self-confidence combined with the consciousness of the reverence that the lower classmen have for them made this a happy and not a soon-to-be-forgotten year. And now although Analy loses a treasure, the world gains one. The last note I have is "Nihil nisi optimum—nothing but the best," a very fitting model indeed.

Let me see—that is four years isn't it? Well it does get me how time flies.

M. V. P. '14.



If I could teach my Teachers.

## Class Song

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(Tune: Aloha Oe)

Now, we the class of nineteen-fourteen,  
Have finished our four years of work;  
So with saddened hearts our leave we're taking  
From a school we will always, always love.

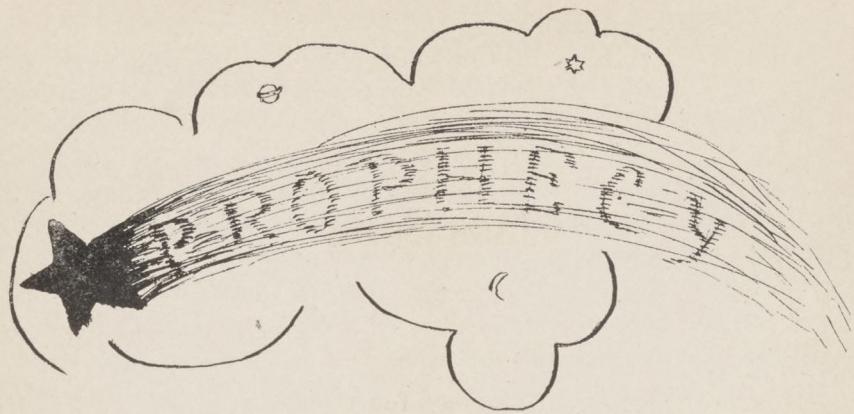
### Chorus

Farewell Analy, farewell Analy,  
Tonight we leave this dear old school forever;  
But don't you sigh, if we do leave this High,  
We're coming back to you.

First of all we had to start as Freshmen,  
One year, and Sophomores were we.  
Still working on we next were Juniors,  
And now, learned Seniors going away.

Back to us sweet memories will come,  
When we think of our High School days,  
And thots of Analy will be dearest,  
Entwined with our many songs of praise.





"O, why doesn't Uncle Ben come! It's not very nice of him to be late at my birthday dinner party," I thought as I made my eleventh trip to the garden gate to cast watchful eyes up and down the street.

At last I impatiently flung myself in a wicker chair on the porch and poutingly tried to read the evening paper.

I don't know whether or not I had read one word intelligently, when I heard footsteps on the walk. Jumping up quickly I cried, "O, Uncle Ben, you have come at last!"

"Yes," he answered, as he threw a package toward me. "And here is a little remembrance for your birthday. I just happened to get it at the ten-cent store."

At the ten-cent store! My eyes and mouth opened with amazement and horror. But the donor had passed into the house and did not see my hurt face. Well, I had enough curiosity to wonder what the package contained, so I tore off the wrapping and lifted the cover of a coarse green paste-board box.

I was more than disgusted at what I saw. For there, on the top of a layer of green straw, lay a hideous, ugly, black ring. It seemed to be of iron and had, as a set, a green, glass stone, the size of a dime, attached to it.

When I saw what my gift was, my lips curled in a scornful sneer, and my eyes snapped with anger. The idea! Uncle Ben giving me this piece of ugly nothing for a birthday present! And, hadn't I frequently and strongly hinted, for the last three weeks, at my great desire for a new kodak! And now he had brazenly and unflinchingly handed me this black ring with a whole bunch of straw! And he had openly told me he had purchased it at the ten-cent store! He might, at least, have presented with it a gross

lie, telling me it had been handed down from Queen Dido to Lincoln, from Lincoln to the wife of Socrates, and so on to me! What did I want with a black ring with an ugly, green, dime-shaped stone attached to it! I could get a better with a red and white striped peppermint stick!

I was choking with rage. Grabbing up the offending article, I madly hurled it into the street. After a succession of sharp bangs, made by my stamping feet, I threw myself into the chair. I couldn't form thoughts bad enough for my Uncle Ben.

At last my high-pitched wrath fell a few degrees and I determined to take another look at the ring. I went out into the street and after a long search I found it. I picked it up and started to clean the dust from it.

I had scarcely started the rubbing, when I heard the most awful noise I had ever heard. It seemed that every animal under the sun was trying to out-cry the others. This shrieking, yelping, and howling seemed all around me, yet I could not discover its source.

This uproar was subsiding a little, when I beheld a blinding sight. From nowhere great leaping tongues of fire shot up and formed into the shape of a huge ring. The ring part was black while green flames took the position of the stone.

From this green mass of fire jumped a hideous looking creature. It was wrapped up in a long black, flowing cape, dotted with green spots the size of ten cent pieces. On its head was a black skull cap and it also was sprinkled with green spots. The creature had little, shining, black, eyes, cheeks puffed out like paper bags when blown into, and one green tooth set in the middle of the lower jaw.

The apparition bowed low before me and spoke in a far-off voice, "What do you want with me?"

I wanted to run. I found I could not move. I tried to scream. I was voiceless.

Again came the distant-sounding voice, "I am the slave of the magic ring and of him who holds the ring. What is your command?"

Magic ring! Then, this creature was a genius! I was no longer afraid, and in an instant the thought came to me that I was supposed to write a class prophecy. Here was the chance to get the truth for it. So, preparing to listen, I seated myself on the water-hydrant and said, "Please tell me the future of the class of 1914."

The genius motioned me to follow him and so I got up from my seat and he led the way to the High School grounds. He paused at the steps of our beautiful gymnasium building. Again I heard the din which sounded like the cries of animals.

Then, before us was an opening in the ground. I looked down and beheld the queerest ladder ever seen. It was made of black rings with large green stones. The stones were the rungs.

Down those wonderful steps I went, following the spirit. When we reached the bottom, both my guide and the marvelous ladder disappeared.

Before I had time to become frightened, I discovered that I was standing on the crowded corner of a large city.

The streets were filled with a great stream of traffic. Near me was a station of an underground railway. Above, thundering trains were whizzing by on elevated tracks. Still higher, the air was dotted with flying machines of every description.

I wondered what the name of this immense city was. I walked up to a policeman——no, a policewoman, in trouserettes——and asked the name of the city. She seemed surprised at my ignorance and sharply replied "Sebastopol." Then she hurried off to help two young men cross the crowded street.

But I had recognized this officer as my old friend, Minnie Wedge.

I walked down the street very much surprised. But soon I found myself in another city, much smaller than the one I had left. I did not know how I got there.

Blockading the sidewalk, was a great crowd listening to a speaker whom I could not see. But these words floated out to me, "You men should be protected. Since it is the fashion for you men to use so many cosmetics on your faces the manufacturers will put out a great supply of them which will prove harmful to your delicate complexions. You need some one to inspect these factories. You want pure cosmetics, as well as pure food. Elect me the United States inspector of cosmetics and be protected."

"Who is the speaker?" I inquired of a man who stood near me.

"Dorothy Maddocks," was the answer.

Next I found myself watching the girls at Vassar College performing exercises in Physical Culture under the careful and intelligent guidance of their instructor. I heard one girl call out, "O, Miss Ristau, I didn't do very well this last try, I only put the thirty-pound shot fifty-eight feet."

From here I wandered aimlessly to a large building. At the door was a large throng of men, women and children. I elbowed and pushed my way into the hall. A great number were standing in a long time. In a minute a door near me opened and some one hallooed, "Next." I bolted thru the door determined to find out why those people were all in a line and seemed so impatient to enter the room.

A man stood before me and began to talk rapidly, "First do the fourteenth step of the dangle stranglo, then tie your left leg into a knot and loop it over your right ear; Slide indirectly to the right of your pardner and dip on the sixth quarter count,—Forty dollars, please. Pay one of the cashiers."

I stood dumb and bewildered. What kind of an institution had I gotten into! As I heard someone call "Next," my eye fell upon a huge sign, reading,

Professor Ristau  
Dancing Master  
Private lessons only.

I was much relieved to find out that I had merely had a dancing lesson and lost no time in finding an exit.

Sonetime later I entered the grounds of a great World's Fair. Near one entrance a lady demonstrator had set up her hall. Here she lectured, pointing out the good points and advantage of a combination dish-washer, umbrella and apple-picker. I was greatly surprised to recognize this demonstrator as Margaret Patterson of the class of 1914.

I rushed up to speak to her. After exchanging greetings she said, "Perhaps you don't know that Bertram Bower is on the grounds. He has charge of the entire Agriculture building and displays. And he is a learned authority on such matters, too. He says he owes his great success to his early training at Analy High. And his little onion garden, which used to be in back of the school, was the first strong step to his high position."

After hearing this news, I walked about until I was tired. Seeing an unoccupied cushioned bench in a public park, I sat down to rest.

On the bench beside me lay a magazine. The name interested me. It was the "Men's Home Journal." I picked it up and turned its pages. I gasped and let fall the magazine for I had read at the top of the Editorial page, "Carmen Blessing——Editor."

After my astonishment I again examined the magazine. I was given another great surprise. For I read the announcement

of the publication of a new book entitled "How the Men Can Make the Women Appreciate Home," by the world renowned author, Ivy Burroughs.

I sat back thinking of Ivy's literary success when a police-woman rushed up and shook me vigorously. "Get off that bench," she commanded, bringing her billy smartly in contact with my cranium. "What's the matter with you! These benches are reserved for the little children and the men."

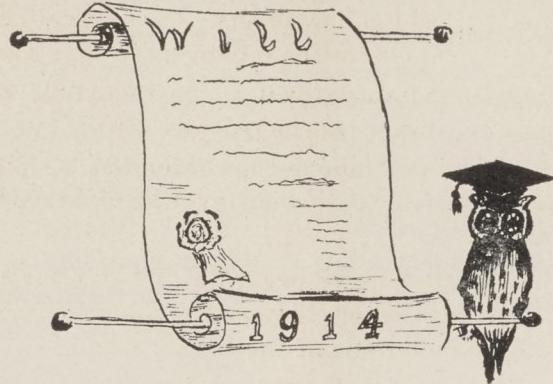
I was shaken and shaken. Suddenly I sat up and opened my eyes. My Uncle Ben was shaking my shoulders.

"That's a nice way to treat company!" he exclaimed. "Asleep when they come!"

Then my eyes fell on a large package which looked as though it might be a kodak.

Sylver Strout '14.





We, the nine, far famed members of the class of June, nineteen fourteen, of the Analy Union High School, being of sound mind and generous disposition, and not affected with "caput Elephantus" which, being translated is commonly known as "big head," and knowing what we are about and not acting under fraud, menace or fear of J. E. Williamson or faculty members, do make, ordain and publish this, our last will and testament, in words following to wit:

I. Knowing the work and interest of the faculty, exercised in our behalf during four years, their tolerance of our faults, their sympathy with our defects, and their kindness always, we leave our deepest and most sincere gratitude.

II. To the class of 1915 we leave our seats on the east side of the Assembly hall with all their decorations, pencil drawings, ink stains, and all other things that help them to look attractive, on condition that they shall continue to decorate them to the best of their ability in any manner that they shall see fit to do. Also we leave six volumes of Emerson's Essays for their careful consideration, feeling sure that they will enjoy them as much as we have.

III. To Vincent Speers, for his legal services as attorney in the Senior stunt, we give the contents of the class treasury, same consisting of six cents.

IV. To Joe Silveira, a part of whose head has been made rather bare by a hair cut of the pompadour style, we will one wig,

said wig being made up of one lock of hair from each member of the class.

V. To certain girls of the Freshmen class we leave one large size bottle of "Beautiful Venus" cream, guaranteed by Mr. Worth to possess wonderful whitening effects, hoping that said girls will now spend less time before the mirror in the hat room.

VI. To John Davidson we will an inexhaustible supply of excuses to be used whenever considered necessary.

VII. To the baseball team we leave one bottle of glue, the same to be applied to gloves of said parties whenever deemed necessary.

VIII. To the Freshmen we bequeath our dignity of bearing and solemnity of manner, which they are to assume on all possible occasions, as was characteristic of the former owners.

IX. To our yell leader, Lawrence Carrillo. we leave a box containing a well selected assortment of laughs, yells and screeches.

X. To Mr. Williamson we bequeath all our superfluous inspirations to be distributed among the members of next years American History class as a foundation for their prize stories.

XI. To Miss Jewett we leave a well filled can of molasses, same to be used to make candy for the next treat to the Physical Culture girls. We also bequeath a book of Spalding rules for indoor baseball.

XII. To Mrs. Pulcifer we leave a well filled library of reference books and an abundant supply of smiles to be equally distributed among the girls.

XIII. To Miss Cromwell we leave the red paint which the track team did not make use of in painting the town red at the last field meet at Ukiah, same to be used next year to make posters to advertise the play.

XIV. To Miss Gregory we leave a mirror, to be hung up in her cloak room for her future use.

XV. To Mr. Harford we leave a tomb stone, same to be placed before the students in the Assembly hall during the spelling period, so that said parties will be reminded that a silence like that of death must reign.

XVI. To Mr. Durst we bequeath a box car to be used to transport his numerous specimens of bugs and rocks.

Our personal property we bequeath as follows:

I. To Charles Rogers, Carmen Blessing leaves her wonderful facility in translating Latin, hoping that he may profit thereby and be able to make the Freshmen year by 1915.

To Martha Lowary she bequeaths her clear voice and distinct enunciation, hoping that she may thereby render assistance to Martha's teachers.

To Ruth Densel her love of picnics and general good times, especially the lack of roasting wienies, but withholds her unfortunate tendency of never getting anything to eat since that would be incompatible with Ruth's peculiar disposition.

To Jessie Bachelor she bestows her tall stature so that aforesaid Jessie may not have to stand on a manila pad to see us graduate, nor use stilts when she takes her Sunday afternoon walks.

II. To Eleanor Purrington, Bertram Bower bequeaths his inquisitive disposition. His skill in managing the "powers that be" to Leland Barlow.

To Paul Wood he bequeaths his mathematical skill with all its appurtenances, namely his ability to make his worthy instructor think he has solved a problem, when he has really made the instructor do it.

His habit of disputing with the faculty he wills to that body, realizing that it would be more pleasant for them if that accomplishment were not in circulation.

III. To the park museum of San Francisco, Ivy Burroughs wills her spelling papers and her samples of penmanship knowing that said museum appreciates all such things. Her fondness for making original suggestions in the American history class she leaves to Leland Barlow because Leland is so troubled with self effacement and humility, and is so lacking in the bluff instinct.

To Irma McGrew she leaves her dignity.

IV. To Bessie Scheidecker, Dorothy Maddocks bequeaths her dancing blue eyes and her coy smile, which have always gained good marks for her, said smile to be used freely in the presence of Bessie's dear teachers in order that the high numbers on the report card of the aforesaid Bessie may be diminished.

Her melodious canary-bird voice she wills to the Glee Club, hoping it may serve as an aid in their hours of timidity. To Leland Barlow she bequeaths with her best regards her green plaid skirt to be made into neckties.

To some deserving member of next year's chemistry class,

same to be selected by Mr. Durst, Margaret Patterson leaves her perforated chemistry apron. The extraordinary way of getting "the coin" from the Junior boys for the Senior candy sale, she bequeaths to whomsoever is so unfortunate as to succeed her in that line of work.

VI. To the first Freshman girl who has to face the ire of Miss Jewett for not having her suit on time, Edna Ristau leaves her physical culture suit, same to be found in the third locker of the second row. Her "A" ring, she refuses, for certain reasons, to leave to any one.

VII. To Elsie Sanborn, Laurence Ristau wills his particular and special smile that he uses when he wants to be excused from history, and his ability to bluff when he cannot scare up the smile, he wills to Bert Henning. His love for the Junior girls he wills to Ward Howard.

VIII. To Dorothy King, Sylver Strout bequeaths her popularity with the boys, in hopes that by the time Dorothy arrives to Senior standing she may be "mistress" of this art. Her unseemly behavior in the study hall, she leaves where it never again will be found by any dignified Senior. Her shrewish temper she wills to Fay Hawkins. To the pale and lonely bust of Shakespeare she leaves her blue sport coat, to be used by him in cold weather.

IX. To the next year's German class, Minnie Wedge leaves her talent for translating German, das ist goot und it may anderen helfen. To John Davidson she leaves her studious habits, her unbounded interest and faithfulness in her studies, and the remainder of her manila pad. Her habit of studying during the noon hour she bequeaths to some one who does not know any better. Und das ist alles.

All other property owned by the class and not provided for in this will, is left to the High School.

In witness whereof, we have set our hand and seal this twelfth day of June, the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fourteen.

Class of 1914, Analy Union High School.

Minnie Wedge,  
Edna Ristau.

## Class Poem

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Although the Seniors are but nine,  
This we can truly say,  
A better class was never seen,  
Since old Sol cast a ray.

First, Carmen is our president,  
T'will not keep you guessing.  
She gives her aid to everything,  
Surely she's a "blessing."

How could we ever get along,  
We really can not see,  
Without dear little Edna  
On every committee.

Dorothy, with rosy cheeks,  
So sweet and wondrous neat,  
Is so like a doll from her fair hair  
Down to her dainty feet.

Margaret, with soft brown hair,  
Just praise to her is due,  
She digs away at English "4,"  
To the class she's true blue.

Another of our noble class,  
We couldn't do without,  
Is graceful gestured Minnie,  
She's dear beyond a doubt.

Bertram, prexy of the school  
Does look so very wise,  
And in the welfare of our class  
His interest never dies.

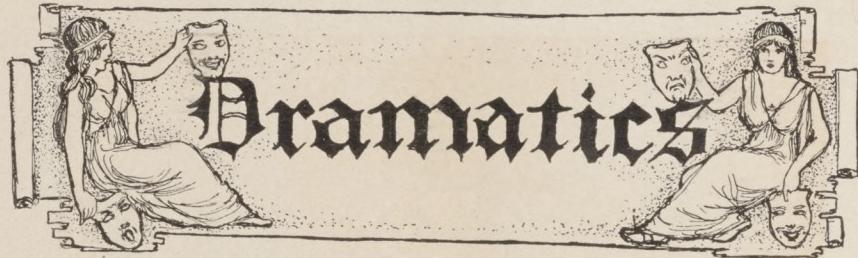
Laurence—baseball manager  
Also of this paper  
In every club and school affair  
Cuts always quite a caper.

And Ivy we did almost lose  
And it did make us sad  
If she had left this class of ours  
We would have felt so bad.

Of Sylver, our dramatic star  
Perchance you have been told  
And although Sylver is her name  
She's worth her weight in gold.

## Senior Horoscope

Name	Nickname	Redeeming Feature	Favorite Flower	Famous For	Retreat
Carmen	Cub	copper-colored hair	"Azalea"	editing a paper	any little corner
Laurence	Slimmy	his strut	Bachelor Button	pitching	"Can't-a-Ford"
Margaret	Doozer	eye lashes	Moon Flower	combing her hair	doubtful
Sylver	Billy	noble brow	Tulips	acting	piano
Bertram	Bert	height	Lady Fingers	queening	his garden
Ivy	Bureaux	hands	Love-in-the-Mist	her Mona Lisa Smile	top of Jag Alley
Dorothy	Dot	blushes	Baby blue eyes	being exclusive	no one knows
Edna	Kickey	curls	Orange Blossoms	starting things	Moran's Lake



## "The Taming of the Shrew"

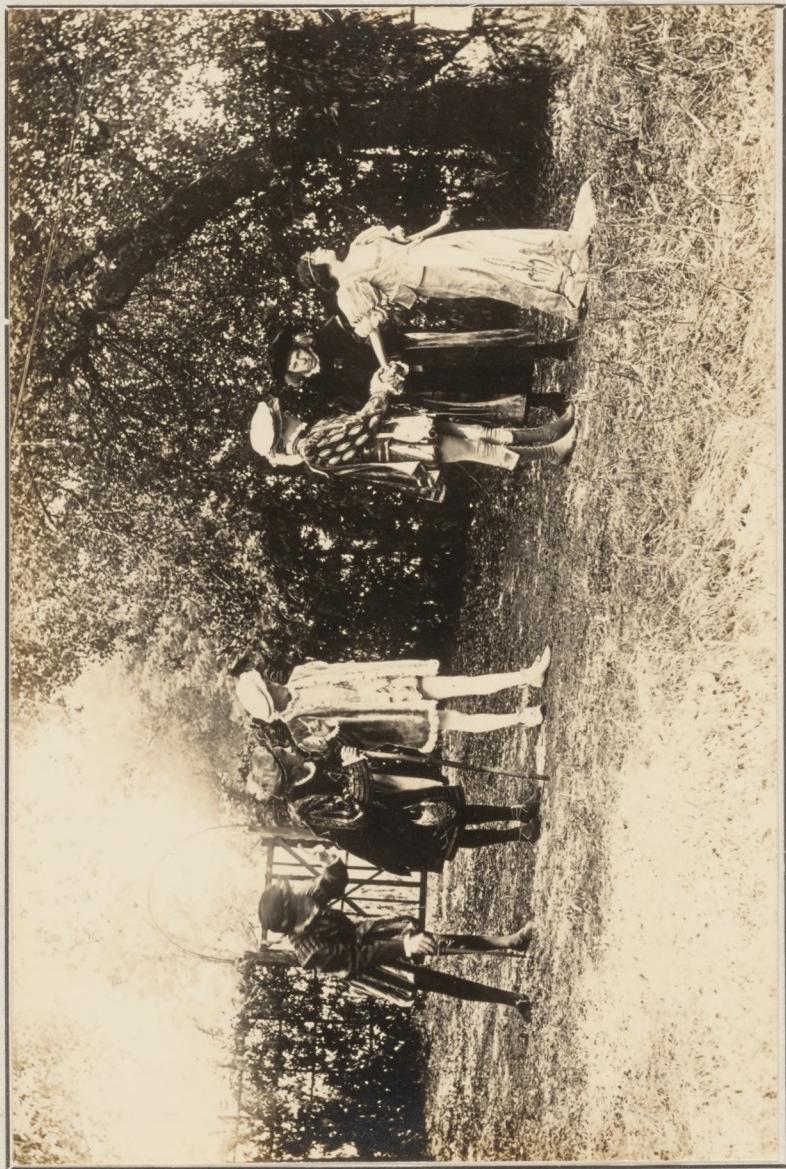
"Let the world slip; one shall ne'er be younger." So we acted upon merry slip suggestion and let the world slip while we went back a few centuries to colorful Italian days of sword and plume. We let the every-day world slip from us to watch Lucentio when eyes upon beautiful Bianca, he found the effect of love—in idleness—to marvel at Katherina's unerring aim of tongue and arm—to laugh with Grumio at his jest—to sympathize with poor old Gremio, whose plate and gold hangings of Tyrian tapestry paled before the boasting of young Tranio. We let the modern world slip past while pretty girls, appearing as if by magic from among the trees, went thru the old Italian vineyard dance with their velvet-knickerbockered, gay, sashed partners, or formed a flowery lane for the bridal party.

And while we went back all those years to see and hear and feel these things, perhaps it was the easier for us on account of the very modernity of the play. Modernity so long ago? Certainly! Did we not find the advanced twentieth century in Katherina's "You may be jogging while your boots are green!", in Tranio's "Good night, our part!"

The Dramatic Personae were as follows:

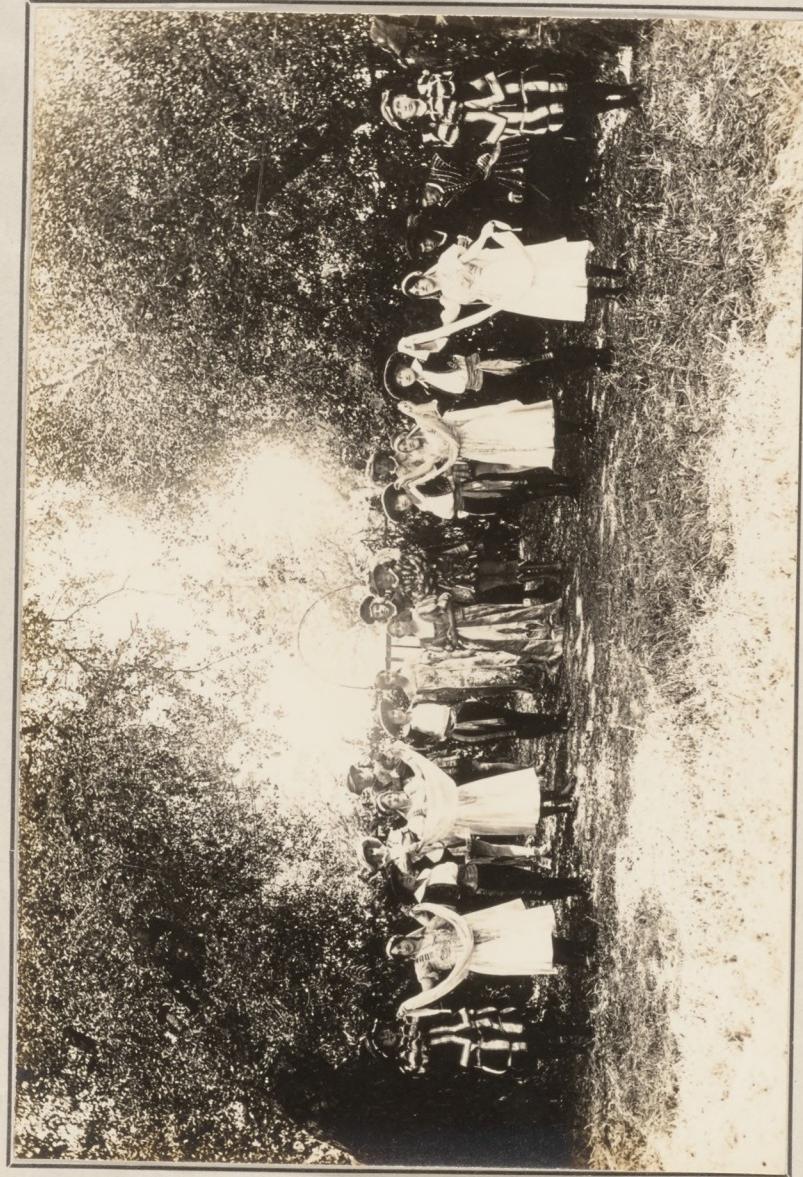
Persons in the Induction

A Lord	-	-	-	Raymond Wilson
Christopher Sly	-	-	-	Eugene Carillo
Hostess	-	-	-	Carmen Blessing
A Page	-	-	-	Bert Henning
Servants	-	-	-	Cuthbert Malm, Tom Rauch, Harlan Varner



BETROTHAL OF PETRUCHIO AND KATHERINA

THE WEDDING SCENE



Persons in the Play

Baptista	- - - -	Charles Rogers
Vincentio	- - - -	Robert Searby
Lucentio	- - - -	Garland Ewing
Petruchio	- - - -	Walter Cole
Gremio	- - - -	Joe Silveira
Hortensio	- - - -	Leland Barlow
Tranio	- - - -	Laurence Ristau
Biondello	- - - -	James McMenamin
Grumio	- - - -	Eugene Carillo
Curtis	- - - -	Harlan Varner
A Pedant	- - - -	Don Harford
Katherina	- - - -	Sylver Strout
Bianca	- - - -	Lucille Scott
Widow	- - - -	Rayma Murphy
Servants	- - - -	Cuthbert Malm, Tom Rauch, Bert Henning

The Dancers

Dorothy Maddocks	Una Dodenhoff
Lenore McFarlane	Eleanor Purrington
Georgia Swain	Minnie Wedge
Carol Wright	Hariet Maddocks
Bugler	Leland Purrington
Musicians	Ollie Harbine, Miss Gregory, Merritt Jewell

The cast were excellently chosen and excellently trained. That Miss Cromwell and Mrs. Greene inspired and that the cast worked hard and intelligently was shown by the smoothness with which the play went off—without a hitch, without a prompt. Not only did the players work but they caught the spirit of the play and interpreted the characters artistically. Petruchio was the Petruchio of Shakespeare, a stormer but a gentleman—Katherina was magnetic for all her shrewishness—Gremio was pathetic in his doddering age—Hortensio was a gay young gallant—Tranio was the faithful companion of his master—Grumio was—Grumio.

To mention all the good work is impossible. Then too, we saw it not to criticize in a cut-and-dried way. We were invited by good Christopher to let the world slip and we did so and for an evening were in old Italy making merry with tinker and page and pedant while Petruchio showed us how to kill a wife with kindness.



"THE STAFF"



This year we have attempted to make the "Azalea" representative of the entire school. The staff has not been limited to the Senior Class and material for the paper has been furnished by pupils of all the classes.

The interest in affairs other than lessons and recitations has caused the formation of the Agriculture club and the Boys' Glee Club. The German Club and The Dramatic Club have continued busy since last year, while the interest in debating has improved over last year's. These activities do not interfere with our school work yet they add to its interest and prove that our students are wide awake. The student who takes part in all the school life finds it much more profitable and enjoyable than the one who does not.

There is one thing which many Analy students are not doing that they should do. This is—paying their student body dues. These dues are only ten cents a month, yet only a little over one-third of the students paid this year. It is unfair for a few students to support the school. Pay your dollar as soon as school opens and have it over with! In many schools this is compulsory and proves much more satisfactory than our present system by which we get a passionate appeal from our secretary several times a year.

The girls object to paying student body dues because they claim everything is for the boys. This is true and the girls have room for complaint. They have no place for basket-ball practise and the tennis court is always in possession of the boys. If the girls' athletics are supported they will pay their dues willingly.

It is to be hoped that Analy will soon be favored with a gymnasium. The rainy season makes practice on the outdoor courts nearly impossible; consequently neither girls nor boys have a basketball team. All work together and it will come sooner or later.

In looking back over this year we can say that it has been a success in every line and the students and teachers of Analy should be proud that they have helped to make it so.



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Redmen's Hall was again the gathering place of a gay crowd of High School students, when the Freshmen class of 1913 were pleasantly entertained by the upper classmen, Friday, Sept. 12. After an enjoyable evening spent in games and dancing, refreshments were served. At 11:30 we thought it time for the Freshies to go home, as they were not used to late hours, so the programme ended and all wended their way homeward.

Ask any member of the Physics class of this year, whether he had a good time Saturday evening, Jan. 31, 1914, when the class was entertained by the Chemistry class in the High School building. Under the leadership of Mr. Durst, a guessing contest and field meet, with its funnel race, vocal high jump, broad grin, etc., made a great deal of fun. After all this exercise, everyone was hungry and anxious to get to the chemistry laboratory where weinewurts, sandwiches, coffee, cake and candy were served. There certainly was nothing left when the boys and girls went home, well pleased with their evening's fun.

A rather unusual affair was given at the High School a week later, Feb. 6, but this time by the girls of the Philomathean Dramatic Club. It was a "Jinks Party" and each girl had a "stunt" to contribute to the programme, each one being dressed to suit her part. After the programme the girls made candy; then danced and played games until a late hour.

About a week after the Christmas vacation the upper classmen began to ask the president of the student body, this question: "When are we going to give the Freshies a reception?" and he'd answer "Oh pretty soon, I guess." So finally March 6, was set as being a good date and everyone was eagerly awaiting the time. They were not disappointed for never before had Lincoln Hall looked so inviting. In such a prettily decorated hall and music that set your feet agoing, who wuldn't have a good time? Those in the other room did not lack amusement either. Mr. Durst and Mr. Williamson kept them having a jolly time playing games. Punch was served during the evening.

The Seniors, the Baseball and Track teams, and the Boys' Glee Club were the guests of the Dramatic Club, Friday evening, May 15, at an out door party on the High School campus. Japanese lanterns were strung from tree to tree and a huge bonfire brilliantly lit up the new tennis court where exciting games were played. Between the numbers of the tete e tete programs delicious refreshments were served. After giving the Dramatic Club a rousing yell, the guests dispersed, each declaring the Club royal entertainers.

At the home of Dorothy Maddocks, May 22, the German Club entertained in honor of the Seniors. After a musical program many games were played and prizes awarded in the guessing contests. A sumptuous supper was served at a late hour. When the guests departed they voted the affair one of the most enjoyable of the year.

On Friday evening, June 5, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williamson entertained the Senior class at dinner.





At the 1913 Apple Show the high school exhibit was awarded a prize of \$150. The exhibit was an exquisite little model of the Parthenon. After the expenses for preparing the exhibit were paid, the remaining sum was given to the high school by the school board. It has proved a great help to the athletics of the school.

The afternoon of April 17th was set aside as Patron's Day. Neat invitations were sent out and a large crowd resulted. The agriculture and manual training classes and the girls physical culture class were visited with special interest. After school the patrons gathered in the study hall and listened to an address on "Sex Hygiene" by Professor Moody of Berkeley.

#### Lectures

Our high school has been unusually favored this past year by a number of distinguished visitors. Among them were some who addressed the pupils.

October 17, Mr. Henry Quickenden of Oakland gave an address on the subject "How to Choose a Vocation." He said that a vocation is not to be chosen because it is easy, nor because it will bring money. One should select what he likes and is adapted to. He should select one in which he can be helpful to others and in which he is safe morally. Also, he should not wait too long for an opportunity but get into what is open to him.

The next week Mr. Miles B. Fisher from San Francisco gave a very sensible address on "Our Duty to the Foreigners." He

made it plain that the foreigners are worthy of our study and should interest us. Whatever is done to them will be advertised in foreign countries and will tend to add or detract according as our conduct is such as is acceptable to them or not. We have no better avenue for advertising than this medium, besides from a humanitarian standpoint we owe the courteous treatment and an opportunity to have a fair show in this country.

Mr. H. W. Butterfield from Berkeley gave the pupils an interesting and pointed address on "Popular Astronomy." When he had finished the pupils realized as never before how limited are our opportunities, in proportion to the vastness of the universe, and how small the finite as compared with the infinite.

On the twenty-ninth of January Mrs. Stokes, Los Angeles, a national lecturer for the W. C. T. U., gave an inspiring address urging all the young people to help the cause and aid in making this country clean and suitable for homes.

During the month of May Mrs. St. John from Kansas, also a national lecturer, addressed the pupils, not on the subject of Temperance but upon right kind of living. Live a clean and wholesome life now and prepare for usefulness in the later years.

The visitor who impressed himself upon the pupils more forcibly than any other was the Hon. Edward Berwick. After a half hour or more of a very instructive lecture he called for a map, and while it was being brought in he held an informal reception wherein all the pupils had an opportunity to meet him personally and shake hands with him. His message was one of Peace, International Peace. His lecture was suited to the capacity of the high school pupils who gave him a hearty applause.

A series of lectures were given to the boys and girls by Dr. and Mrs. Talbot during the year.

After school on the afternoon of March 4, the Aamazons entertained the Atalantas. The school was emptied of everyone but the girls and then the fun began. Games were played in the upper hall and then the floor was cleared for an exciting game of "Tango End Ball." The Amazons did the loudest rooting but the Atalantas had the largest score. The spread in the laboratory followed, sandwiches, cake, fruit, lemonade and candy filled the table.

On the afternoon of May 4, the school was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Greene, Professor Chapman and Professor Elmqvist of Petaluma. Professor Chapman, accompanied on the

piano by Professor Elmquist gave several violin selections. Then there were separate violin and piano pieces. Professor Elmquist also sang. Then Mrs. Greene recited. We all know Mrs. Greene's ability in reciting. "The Sweet Girl Graduate" kept us convulsed with laughter from start to finish. The hour sped all too quickly.

On Friday after our victory over Santa Rosa, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Durst, gave a banquet to the victorious baseball team. The menu, in keeping with the victory, consisted of "Soup a-la Victory," "Salad Sebas," "We do Relish," "Chicken Pot Pie a-la Harford," "Sweet Williamson Peas," "Brick Cream a la Durst," and "Strawberry Shortcake."

The physical geography classes made their usual trip to the coast on Saturday, May 16. This year they went to Bodega Bay. The trip was made in auto trucks and judging from the "coats of tan" displayed at school the next week, everyone must have had a good time.

The Seniors were the guests of the Juniors at a picnic at Summer Home Park on May 30. The trip was made along the beautiful mountain roads in auto trucks. At noon a most delightful lunch was spread. All the teachers were invited and the day was a decided success, rowing in Russian River and climbing the canons and mountains.

The cast of "The Taming of the Shrew" enjoyed a picnic at Dillon's Beach on Saturday, May 6. Miss Gregory and Miss Cromwell acted as chaperons.

The girls of the physical culture classes have spent several of their Saturdays tramping over the neighboring country. Davis Creek, Mt. Jackson and the River have all been points of special interest.

A prize of two and one-half dollars was offered by Mr. J. A. Bennett for the best writing handed in by a member of the penmanship class. Mr. Harford acted as judge of the contest.

This has been a red letter year for prizes for the paper. Ten dollars were offered for the usual short stories by John Burroughs and H. B. Morris. This was divided into five dollars for the best story, two and a half for the second best, one-and-a-half for the third best and one dollar for the fourth best. In addition a prize of five dollars was offered by Mrs. Shutts for the best story written by a pupil of the American History class dealing with some plot centering around some incident in American history. A prize of three dollars was offered for the best poem sub-

mitted. The contest for these prizes, except for the history prize, were open to all the students and aroused a great deal of interest.

The school campus has been enlarged nearly an acre this year. This land, on the east side of the school campus, makes the track quite a bit longer and also includes a young orchard which will prove of benefit to the agriculture classes. We hope the new track will help in turning out a good track team next year.

The student body officers elected for the second term were:

Bertram Bower	- - - -	President
Charles Rogers	- - - -	Secretary
Leland Barlow	- - - -	Athletic Delegate
Laurence Carillo	- - - -	Yell Leader
Carmen Blessing	- - - -	Editor of Paper
Laurence Ristau	- - - -	Manager of Paper

The class presidents were:

Carmen Blessing	- - - -	Senior President
Alfred Leland	- - - -	Junior President
Joe Silveira	- - - -	Sophomore President
Glen Espey	- - - -	Freshman President

The captains of the teams were:

Laurence Ristau	- - - -	Baseball Captain
Joe Silveira	- - - -	Baseball Manager
Leland Barlow	- - - -	Basketball Captain
Alfred Leland	- - - -	Tennis Captain
Leland Barlow	- - - -	Track Captain
Lawrence Carillo	- - - -	Track Manager

Mr. J. C. Bennett visited the high school on Wednesday afternoon, June 3, and in a short address, calling the attention of the pupils to the benefit of becoming good penmen, presented a prize for best specimen of penmanship of two and one-half dollars to Marguerite Seito who had been awarded the prize by the judges.

Prof. J. L. Richardson, an inspector from the State University, spent the forenoon of Wednesday, June 3, in our high school. He made a very interesting address in which he bore a message from the University and at the close asked all who entered the University as students to call upon him first and let him advise them what to do. The professor made some good friends while here and the pupils who go there will no doubt, remember to follow his suggestion.

JUNIOR CLASS

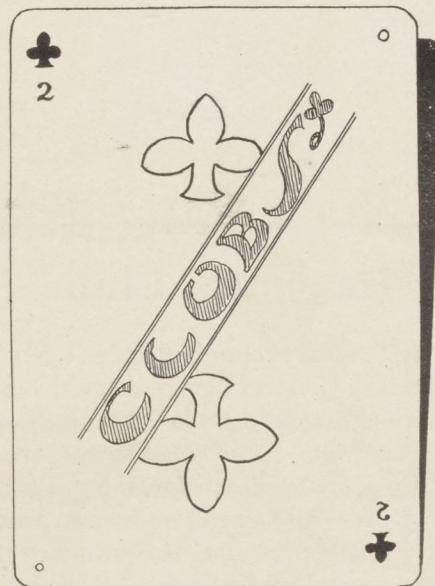


SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS







## Dramatic Club

The girls of the Dramatic club have been active this year.

The officers for the first term were: Mary Fellers, president; Una Dodenhoff, vice-president; Anna Lunceford, secretary; Carmen Blessing, assistant, and Bess Scheidecker, treasurer.

On the evening of Thursday, November twentieth, the club gave a shadow play of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Judging from the laughter and the applause, the audience must have liked it. It was given the second night of the Art Exhibit.

The second term Eleanor Purrington was elected president, Mary Fellers, vice-president; Margaret Patterson, treasurer, Edna Harbine, secretary; and Carmen Blessing, assistant secretary.

Friday night, February sixth, the girls had a "Jinks Party" at the school. Only the girls and lady teachers were present. The jinks consisted of a stunt from each member. Eleanor Purrington as a little Chinese girl was first on the program. Miss Pulcifer gave a soul thrilling solo accompanied by Marjorie Shatto on a grand piano. Ruth Fellers gave a recitation and Miss Cromwell recited "Moo-Cow-Moo." Miss Jewett gave an original charade with the word "Philomathean" cleverly hidden. Carmen Blessing and Eva Williamson called forth gales of laughter by

their representation of Mutt and Jeff. Margaret Patterson told fortunes that sounded so real we almost believed them. Miss Gregory and the other members of the club gave a wonderful Shakespearean (?) Drama. Refreshments were served and fudge made in the Physics laboratory. The evening sped all too quickly.

In the "Show" for the paper the girls gave a Japanese drill.

The new tennis court was beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns and with a huge bon-fire, Friday evening, May fifteenth, when the Philomatheans entertained the Seniors and baseball boys. Ask anyone who was there if they had a good time.

Miss Gregory has been club advisor.





## German Club

"Der deutsche Liederkrantz" has been continued this year under the able direction of Mrs. Pulcifer. For the first term the officers elected were: Harriet Maddocks, president; Elsie Sanborn, vice-president; Marjorie Shatto, secretary. The officers elected for the second term were: Harriet Maddocks, president; Una Dodenhoff, vice-president; Hilda Starkey, secretary.

During the year the club met at the homes of different members. On December 20, all present enjoyed a Christmas party. A German Christmas tree and German Christmas songs were enjoyed during the evening. On February 14, the club gave a Valentine party, which was voted a great success. March 13, Miss Schroeder who has travelled extensively in Europe and who has spent several months in Germany with relatives gave a talk on Germany before the club. A German Club picnic was given on March 14 and was a day of pleasure to all who attended.

During the year the club has assisted with school programs, by singing German songs and has made an attempt to carry out the idea further by costuming.

In the middle of the second term, an emblem was chosen for the club—a large German D with the letters A. U. H. S. on the upper band.



## Agricultural Club

Last year, near the close of the Christmas term, about twenty of the boys and several girls expressed their wishes for an Agriculture Club. So Mr. Hagen, of the University of California, was sent for, to help us organize.

We succeeded in organizing with a roll of twenty charter members, and we elected the following officers: Bertram Bower, president; Walter Cole, vice president; Vincent Speers, secretary; Laurence Ristau, Editor.

The object of these clubs is to promote interest in agriculture, to introduce better methods of farming, and to improve social and economic conditions in the country.

Members of the club are supposed to enter contests such as raising vegetables and caring for orchards. Prizes are offered to the ones raising the best grade of produce, the greatest quantity, and receiving the most money for the crop.

The club decided to undertake a potato contest in which about ten of the boys are competing. The prize, fifteen dollars in cash was offered by Mr. Durst.

Several joint meetings with the Chamber of Commerce have been enjoyed by the Club, in which addresses by University professors added much to their agricultural knowledge.

This club movement, existing all over the state, is one that is rapidly spreading. There have been some eighty clubs organized

in California during this last year. They indicate the fact that the farmers are coming to the front.

Everybody boost for the Analy Club, and it will prove a great benefit to Analy township.



## Glee Club

During the past year, a number of the boys of our school organized a Glee Club. The need of the club was shown when the boys were asked to aid in an entertainment given for the benefit of the "Azalea." After much hard practicing the boys, seventeen in number, succeeded in learning several good songs appropriate for the occasion. For a long time we were led by Mr. Williamson; but in a short while when we found that we could sing, our teacher's voice could no longer be heard.

After the great success we made in singing at the entertainment, we were greatly encouraged and by this time had overcome all our timidity. Someone said "Let's organize a Glee Club." That sounded good, so steps were taken to accomplish this end. A meeting was held resulting in the election of Leland Barlow, president, and Charles Rogers, secretary.

It is our intention to help entertain and to promote the general welfare of Analy Union High School, and to keep the spirit high in the love for school and schoolmates. We hope to establish the Glee Club so that it will remain permanent in our school. The boys have just discovered that they can sing and are certainly doing their best.

—C. R.—'15.



## Debating Club

The interest in debating has continued thruout the year, and in this respect has been an improvement on debating conditions of former years. We have sent a team against only one outside school, Santa Rosa.

In October Carmen Blessing and Bertram Bower were sent to San Francisco to represent our school in an oratorical contest. The schools represented on that occasion were: Lowell Polytechnic High, Humboldt Evening High of San Francisco, Tamalpais Union High School, Analy, and Santa Rosa High Schools. The question for discussion was "The Best Method By Which the United States Can Insure Permanent Peace in Mexico." The speeches were all exceptionally good, and Carmen Blessing ranked No. Four among eleven contestants.

Analy and Santa Rosa were scheduled by the S. N. S. C. A. L. to meet each other on the evening of November 28, at Analy High School. The question was to be something relating to the government of cities, but the specific subject was not announced until 4 days before the contest. A class was formed, and under the instruction of Mr. Harford the study of cities and their government was taken up. After much reading, discussion, explanation, and a number of lectures on the subject by Mr.

Harford, trial debates were arranged. The questions of Direct Primary, Initiative, Referendum, Recall, Municipal Ownership, and selection of Police Judges, were all threshed out in trial debates. Some of these were held in Mr. Harford's room, and some before the study hall. The question as finally announced was: Resolved "That the Cities of California Should Have a Commission Form of Government," and Analy was assigned the negative side of the question. Carmen Blessing, James McMenamin and Vincent Speers constituted Analy's team. Chester Case, Leo Sullivan and James Stanislawsky represented Santa Rosa High School. It was conceded by all that first honors belonged to Carmen Blessing as the individual presenting the clearest and most convincing arguments but the decision, however, was given to Santa Rosa team.

During the spring term the Sophomore class debated the question, Resolved "That the United States Should Retain Permanent Possession of the Phillipines." The affirmative was upheld by Mary Fellers, Tom Rauch and John Heintz, and the negative by James McMenamin, Don Harford and Violet Glass. The students acted as judges and gave their decision for the negative.

Though we have gained no victories this year against other schools, we nevertheless feel that it has been a very profitable year for debating. The interest at all times manifested in this branch of the work has been most encouraging, and together with the aid and support of Mr. Harford has been responsible for such measure of success as has been attained this year. It is to be hoped that the coming year may see us win greater honors in this line than heretofore.





## Manual Training

At the beginning of the Fall term, 1913, three adjoining rooms in the High School building were fitted out with all the necessary equipment for manual training.

The past year under the able direction of Mr. Ames has been a very successful one. Girls as well as boys were enrolled in these classes.

An exhibit of the year's work was shown in the school assembly room on Patron's Day, and the Morris chairs, Roman chairs, tables, stools, clothes chests, davenports and innumerable other articles made by the pupils caused many complimentary remarks from the visitors.





## Athletics

Owing to the interest taken in baseball this year, not many of the fellows went out for track. A few of the faithful ones trained however and Analy was represented at both the Spring and Fall meets of the S. N. S. C. A. L. and A. A. L.

Analy won enough points at each of the following meets to place herself "on the map," and ——"while there's life there's hope."

St. Helena	S. N. S. C. A. L.	2 points
Petaluma	A. A. L.	8½ points
Petaluma	S. N. S. C. A. L.	5½ points

The athletes who were point winners were: Barlow, Fuller, Williamson, Speers and Varner.

The following notice might be of interest:

We, the Track Team of the Analy Union High School, wish to thank the Honorable Board of Trustees for the new track. We sincerely hope it will be in shape for the Fall training season next term.

Signed: Leland Barlow, (Captain); Lawrence Carrillo (Mgr.)



TENNIS TEAM



BASEBALL TEAM

### Tennis

Considering that this is the first year Analy has taken an active part in tennis, also, that it takes about ten years to develop a good tennis player, she has certainly done well.

The tennis stars this year were Barlow, Howard and Leland (captain). They represented Analy in tournaments at Petaluma and Healdsburg. Although they had hard luck in the singles they made up for it in the doubles.

Three victories out of five matches is not so bad for a start, is it? Here they are:

- Nov. 20—Analy defeated Petaluma, 4-6, 1-6.
- Nov. 20—Analy defeated San Rafael (forfeit).
- March 28—Analy defeated Petaluma, 7-5, 0-6, 2-6.
- April 3—Petaluma defeated Analy, 6-8, 7-5, 7-5.
- April 28—Healdsburg defeated Analy, 6-4, 7-5.

The courts are crowded morning, noon and night, and there is some promising material among the beginners. Therefore we urge the Board of Trustees to have the new courts finished by next term. With the new courts there will be room for everybody and the players will not have to practice on poor courts.

### Basketball

The boys were handicapped this year in not being able to practice on the floor. Nevertheless they developed a team and played two games, one with Tomales and the other with Santa Rosa. Our boys lost both of these games but did not die until they had given the opposing teams a hard fight for the victory.

Many of the boys learned the game, however, and the material looks promising for next year.

The line-up was as follows:

- Forwards: Speers, Sweetnam (Manager).
- Center: Barlow (Captain).
- Guards: Bertolli, Leverton
- Subs: Carrillo, Carpenter.

### Baseball

Champions! Sounds nice, doesn't it? Say fellows, aren't you proud of our baseball team? Just think of it, we hold the A. A. L. championship of Sonoma county.

The team this year is the best all around team that has been developed in the history of the school. And the best part is there is only one senior on the team.

The pitching done by Ristau and Jewell is certainly work to be proud of. We will miss Ristau a great deal next year but Jewell is fast developing into a star twirler and by next year will be well able to take his place.

Analy won five games out of the eight played. These games were well supported by the students and the team surely appreciates it. The scores were as follows:



AMAZONS



AT A LANTAS

Analy 7	Petaluma 6
Santa Rosa 4	Analy 3 (11 innings)
Analy 11	Petaluma 3
Analy 2	Healdsburg 1
Analy 8	Petaluma 3
Santa Rosa 5	Analy 2
Analy 4	Santa Rosa 3 (A. A. L. County Championship).
Napa 5	Analy 4 (A. A. L. Cham- pionship protested).

The final line-up was:

Ray Wilson	Catcher
Laurence Ristau and Merrit Jewell	Pitchers
Vincent Speers	1st base
Joe Silveira	2nd base
Henry Bills	3rd base
Eugene Carillo and Archie Doty	Short stops
Wilbur Purrington	right field
Roy Williamson	center field
Dewey Elliott	left field

#### Analy vs. Napa

Napa came with the intention of winning at any cost. They went away with the thought they had won, but time and the officers of the A. A. L. may produce a different result. A vigorous protest has been sent to the president and a personal letter from our principal to their principal giving him the exact facts, all of which is likely to render a decision in favor of Analy.

An excuse has been offered for their umpire. He did not know the rules of the game and would not listen to advice from those who did know. Any one who attempts to umpire a championship game should be better acquainted with the game, and be willing to make a vigorous effort to learn just what has happened. He would not even look out for fouls, and thought he could judge them from the center of the field instead of getting where he could see the white line on the fence. Had he done his duty in this respect a foul which hit the ground twenty feet outside of the line would not have permitted a run to be counted for his side. It was claimed that his tobacco hindered his eyesight. Any one who does not know enough to leave his cigarettes in his pocket when high school boys are playing should be sent home and not permitted to associate with high school athletes.

Big Ed Hennessey came here with the reputation of pitching a no-hit, no-run game, and when our boys hit him several times in succession, my, didn't he look sick? As a pitcher he does not compare with our Ristau, who by the way pitched an extra fine game. Analy has a better team than Napa and Napa knows it. Our boys played a fine game but Napa kept up a crabbing all the time. Analy will never crab, but they will never hesitate to meet Napa at any time hereafter.

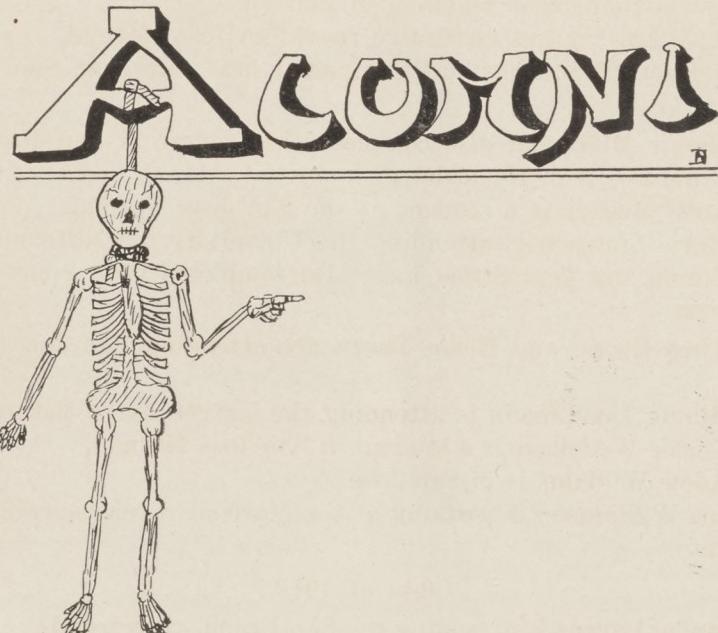


The department of physical culture is a new one in our school this year. The girls have derived great benefit and pleasure from their exercises under the instructions of Miss Jewett.

Early in the year the girls organized two teams, the Amazons and the Atalantas. Edna Ristau was elected captain of the Atalantas and Sylver Strout of the Amazons. Later, Harriet Maddocks was elected in Edna's place.

End ball has been the chief sport, except when rainy days kept us at drills and exercises. Tennis and Captain Ball have also come in for their share of attention. An attempt was made to have a basket ball team but rainy weather kept us from practise until the season was nearly over. Then when we did get to work a storm tore down the goals and they have never been set up again. We hope next year to have a team able to oppose other schools.

Several times this year the girls and Miss Jewitt have spent their Saturdays "hiking" over the neighboring country. These picnics have furnished a great deal of enjoyment and beneficial exercise.



#### Class of 1910

Rena Bonham, Mrs. Allen, resides in Riverside.  
Marguerite Jewell, stenographer in Sebastopol.  
Logan Smith has joined the navy.  
Bright Street is in San Jose.  
Charles Wiggins is attending the College of the Pacific.

#### Class of 1911

Ida Halberg has a position in Graton.  
Ernest Hansen is attending the College of Pacific.  
Ray Johnson is teaching near Sebastopol.  
Blanche Moran, Mrs. Garrison, resides in Marysville.  
Adelia Payne, stenographer in Santa Rosa.  
Evelyr Sweetman is teaching in Calistoga.  
Harold Wiggins is attending the College of Pacific.  
Bernard Wilkie is clerking in Sebastopol.  
Paul Woolsey is a piano tuner in Berkeley.

#### Class of 1912

Maude Barlow is attending the University of California.  
Iva Bryan, Mrs. Brakes, resides in Sebastopol.

Howard Clayton is working on his father's ranch.

Alma Swain has just completed her course at San Jose Normal.

Lewis Johnson is teaching in Bodega.

Rose Lowary has graduated from San Jose Normal.

Florence Maddocks has completed her course at San Jose Normal.

Mamie Miller has also completed her course at San Jose.

Ethel Poe is in Healdsburg.

Ruth Meeker is a student at the San Jose Normal.

Marie Simpson is attending the University of California.

Emma and Tom Street have also completed their courses at San Jose.

Alma Swain and Helen Thorn are attending San Jose Normal.

Hilmer Doehlmann is attending the University of California.

Gussie Wedehase is a student at San Jose Normal.

Adele Williams is in San Jose.

Joe Williamson is working at the Marconi wireless station at Bolinas.

#### Class of 1913

Mabel Barnes is attending the San Francisco Normal.

George Bertoli is working on the Examiner staff in San Francisco.

John Bertoli is at his father's home near Sebastopol.

Grace Disher is attending the University of California.

Harriet Fyfe is residing in San Francisco.

Esther Hansen has finished her course at McMeans' Normal in Santa Rosa and is residing in Sebastopol.

Amelia Hillard is in Santa Rosa attending McMeans' Normal.

Orpah Kelly is residing in Freestone.

Anita Laton is attending the State University.

Gertrude and Ralph Langlois are in Sebastopol.

Charlie Newell plays the piano at the Columbia Theatre in Santa Rosa.

Grace Stillings is in Sebastopol, having finished her course at McMeans' Normal.

Irma Strout resides in Sebastopol.

Theo Thomas is residing on his father's ranch near Sebastopol.

Ralph Wiggins is attending the University of Pacific.  
Julia Walsh resides in Santa Rosa.  
Jesse Winkler resides near Sebastopol.  
Dee Winter is attending McMeans' Normal in Santa Rosa.  
Lucile Williamson is attending Stanford University.  
Ruth Hair has completed her course at McMean's and is taking a post-graduate course at Analy.  
Pauline Van Vicel is also attending McMean's Normal in Santa Rosa.

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## The Coming of Day

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Away in the east the gray morning  
Extinguishes stars, one by one.  
The trees murmur one to another  
That soon the dark night will be done.

The cocks in the barnyard are crowing;  
The little birds chirp in their nest;  
A breeze blows up out of the garden,  
He knows just what perfume is best.

And then, as if some careless artist  
Had wiped off his brush in the skies,  
Just over a lake of white mist flames  
The crimson and gold of sunrise.

The sun appears over the mountain  
And sends out his first beaming ray,  
A chorus of blackbirds are singing  
A welcoming song; and it's day!

Marjorie Shatto.



**The Alpha, Oroville:** You have an interesting paper and your cuts are good. You show a lively interest in athletics.

**El Eco, Lincoln:** Your exchange department is one of the best we have received. Come again.

**The Elm, San Mateo:** You have a fine paper. Your literary department is excellent and your artists show unusual ability. Glad to note the interest shown in athletics.

**Enterprise, Petaluma:** A thoroughly good paper except for the ad on the cover. Your artists deserve credit.

**The Far Darter, St. Helena, June 1913:** Yaur cover design is neat and your cartoons are clever. A better grade of paper would be an improvement.

**Golden Bear, Sonoma, June, 1913:** You present a very neat appearance and your alumni notes are clever. Why not place the name of your town and school in the front of the book?

**Liberty Bell, Brentwood:** Your paper is good for so small a school, but why not put all your stories together and place the name of your town nearer the front of the book, so that one need not turn to the editorial to find it?

**The Mesclah, Fairfield:** Your paper is exceptionally good, considering the lack of the support of advertisers, but why not give each story in your literary department the honor of beginning at the top of the page?

**Richmond Rodeo, Richmond:** You have an excellent paper, but a school of your size might put out a larger one. Your alumni notes and the cut, "Some Roses of Yesterday" are very clever.

**El Rodeo, Merced:** Your paper shows sechool spirit and your jokes are good.

**Sierra Vista, Angels:** Your cover design is very attractive. Why not increase the number of original cuts?

**The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg:** We have received three copies of the Sotoyoman and have thoroughly enjoyed them. As a whole, your stories are good, and your exchange department excellent. We would suggest that you remove the ads from the cover.

**El Susurro, Monterey:** You have an interesting paper. Your stories are all good, but "A Patriotic Investment" is especially clever. A few more cuts would add greatly to the appearance of your paper.

**The S. R. H. S. Weekly, Santa Rosa:** We liked you better as a monthly, and a school of your size might put out a larger paper. You need more jokes and some short stories.

**The Spectator, Cloverdale:** You have a good paper for such a small school. A few more cuts would improve its appearance.

**University of Nevada Sage Brush,** has been a welcome weekly visitor.

**Visalia High School News, Visalia:** A very interesting paper for a weekly. Your literary department adds greatly to your paper.

**Yuba Delta, Marysville:** A good paper except for the ads in front. You show a great interest in athletics.



## Information Bureau

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This department is conducted for the common benefit of all. All inquiries pertaining to etiquette, school rules, health and beauty, etc., should reach the head of the department early, so as to allow ample time, before publication, for diligent research, thus insuring intelligent and accurate answers.

Edna R.—There are no fast, unbreakable rules as to where the honeymoon should end. But frequently, like the other moon, it ends after the last quarter is reached.

Dorothy K.—For outdoor, physical culture exercises, silk hose are alright in a way—but they don't weigh much.

Robert—Do not get discouraged. It is a simple matter to get fat. Go to any of your local butchers.

Agriculture Class—If you want to make a hot-house, turn on the hot steam pipes.

Laurence R.—This is not a want ad column, but if we hear of a deaf and dumb chauffeur who is also blind, we will send him to you for a trial at driving your "Can't-a-ford."

Minnie—It is not difficult to remove the ink spot from your dress. Merely take a pair of scissors and cut entirely around the offending spot, and you will find that the ink spot has entirely disappeared from your dress.

Bertram—We are glad you take so much pleasure in your little garden. In planting garden it is generally considered proper to plant vegetables in rows and not in clusters. Yes, kale is always desirable. The kind you get at the bank seems to us to be the most desirable.

Lawrence C.—Do not become gloomy because you can not break the school record by running a mile in one and three-eights minutes. It would be pleasant for you of course, but this is the best thing in the long run——breath.

Genevieve—Yes, all physicians prescribe rolling as an excellent exercise for those endowed with more than their share of fat. Why don't you secure a position at the druggist's rolling pills?

Mr. Williamson—If you are bothered with flies in the house, keep them out-doors.

Freshmen girls—Yes, colored wigs are quite novel and up-to-date at the present time. We would suggest that cabbage green ones would be quite appropriate for you.

Matildy—We are astonished and shocked at your ignorance. Ladies and gentlemen will not, and the others must not dip lower than the floor in the Three-Step at the Freshmen reception.

Edna—Don't be so elated because he said he would lay down his life for you. After you are married you will find that he won't even lay down his newspaper for you.

Alfred L.—Yes, if you umpire a baseball game you are expected to know something about the rules. No, tennis rules are not suitable. Neither can tennis rackets be used if the baseball bats are lost. Of course there may be a love-game in baseball as well as in tennis.

Anna—if you are going to the Physical Culture swimming picnic it will be perfectly proper to go in the water to swim as this feat cannot be performed very well on dry land.

Bennie—You do need to grow a little before you become larger. We would advise you to take a few yeast cakes each day; and tie a huge balloon around your neck and irons to your feet, and leave them there for several hours out of every twenty-four.

“Girlie”—No, we don't think he is two-faced, because if he had two faces, don't you think he would wear the other one?

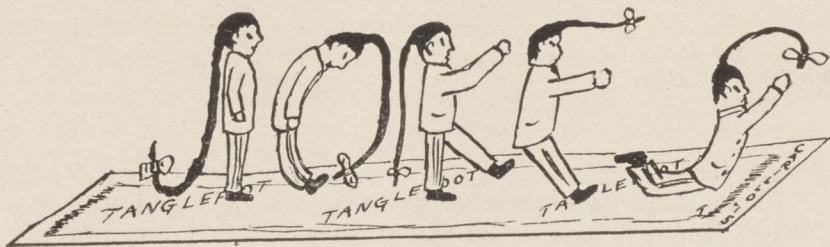
Charles R.—If you are sure the man looked at the baseball game as he passed our diamond, on his delivery wagon, we think you are justified in collecting ten cents from him.

Dorothy M.—Corn is very delicious on the ear but not very enjoyable on the foot.

Carmen—It is not always best in following the advise of a Freshman in regard to taking articles which do not belong to you. Some day, we hope, you will see the distinction between a weak old man and a week-old boy.

Vernon—We rejoice with you that you have found the key to success. But—how can you open the door, before you have found the keyhole?

Lucile—Yes, a change and rest is to be advised after a hard school year. But be careful in selecting your location. In most places the bell-boys get the change and the proprietor gets the rest.



**Marvelous!**

Miss Jewett (during physical culture)—Eva, you fouled.

Eva—How?

Miss J.—You had both feet off the ground at the same time.

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Lawrence is our baseball hero,  
An unlucky lad of fate,  
He'll take Jesse home most any night,  
If she hasn't another date.

Bert (looking at picture)—Say, that's a pretty good looking guy—isn't he?

Sylver—Yes.

Bert—Why. I've got a picture of myself at home that looks almost like him.

Mr. Durst—What is aluminum used for?

Vernon—Cooking.

**Why, Miss Cromwell ! !**

Miss Cromwell (Latin II)—Oh dear, I wish I had a lexicon (Latin dictionary).

Mary—Oh papa's got one—a great big one. Andrew's I think he said it was.

Miss C.—(in a reproving voice)—Oh no, Mary, I don't think you mean that.

Mary—Well that's what he calls it, I'm pretty sure.

Miss C.—But I didn't mean that. I mean you meant to say Mr. Williamson, Mary.

Mary: Oh no I don't mean Mr. Williamson, I mean my father.

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Miss C.—Merrit, give me briefly the history of the beginning of the novel.

Merrit—(briefly)—Well the novel begins with the introduction.

Remark:—Merrit's a bright boy, isn't he?

There is a Senior named Sylver,  
As wise as wise can be,  
But if you ask her opinion, she'll say,  
"It's immaterial to me."

Anna (talking about physics)—And then Miss Jewett asked me to find high C, and of course I couldn't.

Una—Why, that's where the Spanish ships used to sail.

All these bright remarks were heard in History IV.

Leland—Jackson overcame the French at the battle of New Orleans. Oh, no, it was the Spanish.

Mr. Williamson—They raise a great deal of iron in Alabama.

Mr. W.—Where is Wm. Henry Harrison from?

Leland—War of 1812.

Ivy—at this time Texas was a free and independent republic that belonged to Mexico.

Arthur—The Suez canal runs from New York to Buffalo.

Mr. W. (talking of terrible spelling)—Why I think we'll have to turn this into a spelling class. But some of you are perfectly safe, your writing is so bad I can't tell whether your spelling is right or wrong.

Ivy—Washington and Franklin wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. W.—The rope industry is a very great one. For what is rope used?

Eleanor—Tying cows.

Mr. W.—What is Aesop's Fable described in today's lesson, Ivy?

Ivy proceeded to explain.

Mr. W.—That's Burrough's fable not Aesop's.

Sylver—They gave clothes to the hungry and food to the naked.

Eleanor (mixing chemistry and history)—A foreigner has to be neutralized before he can vote.

Mr. W.—What do you know about Lawrence (a town in Kansas)?

Eleanor—(brightly)—he's our yell leader.

### We Wonder

Leland B.—Yes some people are still crazy. Just look how many are crazy about baseball.

Mr. W.—But I suppose no one is crazy about lawn tennis!

Mr. W.'s favorite expression—"When I lived in Boise—"

### In English Three

Miss Gregory—"Anna, I meant that question to be recited orally.

Anna—But I can't talk orally.  
(question—How can she talk).

### Definitions from Eng. III.

"Where wretches flunk that Gregory may dine."

A Hug—A round about way of expressing affection.

A Kiss—Nothing divided by two.

Carmen and Martha (looking at Caesar translations on the board)—Why, Miss Cromwell we never had such translations last year when we studied Caesar.

Miss C.—I know it. These are exceptionally good translations.

### A Story

Last summer I spent my vacation in the country. While there I became very well acquainted with an old Swain. He had one child, a Bachelor about forty years old, whom he regarded as a Blessing, and spoke of as the Jewell of his life. One day I overheard the following conversation from them.

"O, William, William, William—son, Drive into town and buy some Cole."

"I Kent."

"Durst thou, William—son, talk to me like that?"

"Pardon me father, I'll go."

"That's right child, do your Doty by your father. Go buy some Wood and Cole, but Jewett down all you can. Here is some Sylver to pay the Bills with."

The boy went. He drove a team of Maddocks (which I think were cousins.) On the road he was attacked by a Lyon with a Speer. He was somewhat crippled however and after that was obliged to wear a Glass eye.—L. W. C. —'15.

Mr. D.—Paul what is the test for iodine?

Paul W.—It has a blue odor.

Little Davie went to heaven

And there he'll live forever more  
For what he thought was  $H^2O$  was  $H^2 SO^4$ .—Ex.

Mr. Durst—Yes your finger nails are silicon dioxide (sand).  
I don't mean under 'em.

What is phosphorus used for?

Georgia—Making matches.

Mr. D.—Charlie, what is the symbol of gold and where does it come from?

Charlie—It's "A-u" and it comes from California.

Mr. D.—Perhaps you boys have noticed, if any of you carry sulphur matches in your pockets, how they will tarnish your silver watches.

Charlie R.—And gold too.

Mr. D.—No, gold does not tarnish.

Charlie displayed his gold (?) watch fob to prove his point.

Mr. D.—Oh, I meant pure gold!"

Miss Cromwell—Bert, what is the entire title of Wordsworth's Ode?

Bert B.—"Intimation of Immorality."

Miss C.—Ivy, what did Shelley write.

Ivy—Ode to a nightingale.

Miss C.—No, he wrote to the other bird.

Miss C.—Spenser and Milton may be said to have used stereotyped forms of nature, that is, they wrote about special kinds of meadows and flowers like nightingales.

Miss C.—Sylver give two quotations from Hamlet.

Sylver—"Buzz! Buzz!" and "Go to!"

Emilie—Are you going to Normal when you graduate, Eleanor?

Eleanor—Yes, but I've got a mighty big hunch I'll never teach.

Miss C.—I would like to read all of the papers, for they are so good—by reading two or three you can get almost all the points.

Miss C.—The modern drama grew out of the morality and minstrel shows.

Vernon K.—What do you like best about Jessie?

Lawrence R.—My arm.

Mrs. Pulcifer—Eva, what relation was Mary, sister of Queen Elizabeth to Charles V of France?

Eva—I dunno!

Mrs. P.—(after partly explaining) Why she was the nephew of Charles V.

Mr. D.—("phy, gig," describing the spur of a mountain)—It's like a spur on a chicken's back leg.

Anna—What made your eye sore? Una—I looked at Alfred and green always did disagree with me.

Mr. Harford (in Bookkeeping)—I'll not check any trial balances after May 15th. After that you can sink or swim.

Freshie—Gee! I see where I'll have to get a life preserver.

#### The History Shark's Psalm.

Pulcifer is my teacher: I shall not pass. She maketh me to write dense essays. She leadeth me to expose my ignorance before the whole class. She maketh me to fill in maps for my grade's sake.

Yea, though I study until midnight I shall know no history. For revolutions bother me and conventions sorely trouble me. She prepareth quizzes for me in the presence of mine enemies; she giveth me a low grade. My work never endeth. Surely fives and conditions shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall remain in the class of History forever.—Una D., '15.

Now there's Edna so fair and petite  
Whom someone thinks is quite sweet  
The world was all sublime  
When a little "Ray" of sunshine  
Fell like a snowy dove at her feet.

#### In Eng. II

Miss C.—(to Mary F. who had been busy writing notes to Tom). What is the meaning here of a "vacant" mind?

Mary—(in great confusion)—Why its'—why its a mind—that is—that is—well, slightly wandering.

Miss Jewett (in drawing)—I wonder when we are going to have that exhibition day when every one comes to look at us?

Harry W. (almost swallowing his paint brush)—What day? What do we do?

Miss J.—Just what any other monkey does exhibiting, of course.

There was a young junior named Jessie,  
As sweet as any girl could be,  
Just leave her alone,  
And she'll come home,  
Far beneath the arm of someone.

Tee! Hee!

He was fat and his name was Bert  
Who was certainly some keen flirt,  
With a nose like a bunny  
And a disposition like honey,  
He was always for the maidens alert.

At the Freshmen Reception one of the Freshmen took a great liking to one of the Seniors. At supper he blurted out:

"I like you."

"Do you?" she asked.

"Yes and you're the only senior I ever saw that I like."

"But why," asked the girl "why do you like me?"

"Well you know all the rest of them seem to know so much."

---

Charlie R. (at Chemistry Candy Pull)—Say, Eleanor, do you know there's something awful sweet about you?

Eleanor (blushing furiously)—Oh, is there? What is it?

Charlie—That candy you're pulling.

---

There is a young fellow named James,  
Who is always shy with the dames  
But in every debate  
He snatches the cake  
And makes all other speeches quite tame.

---

Miss Gregory (Spanish II)—Write out the translations of sections 11 and 12.

Bert Batten—In English?

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Charlie R. (to Dorothy going down town)—Dorothy will you mail a letter for me?

Dorothy—Sure, go get it.

Charlie—Thanks! I just wanted to know.

---

Dorothy was her name  
But for that she was not to blame,  
If he said he was a millionaire,  
That was all she would care.

She met him at Dillon's Beach,  
He tho't her a peach,  
Then came the date  
Which was sure first rate.

---

Anna L.—Oh! My feet are so cold I can't study German.  
Eleanor—I hope you don't study German with your feet.

---

Two small boys in the physical geography class drew a caricature on the board.

"James," said Mr. Durst, "please erase that drawing. There are enough figures like that in this class already."

---

Alfred L.—(acting cute, as usual)—What lethon do we take nexth?

Teacher—A lesson in talking I think, Alfred.

## **Art Exhibit**

From the 19th until the 22nd of November, Analy had the privilege and benefit of showing Turner's Art Exhibit at the school. A recitation room was fitted up with the pictures. An admission of ten cents was charged and the funds were spent in purchasing pictures.

In order to attract larger crowds, programs were rendered three evenings of the week. On Thursday evening the girls of the Dramatic Club presented a shadow play of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The next evening the annual debate between Analy and Santa Rosa High occurred. On Saturday evening a miscellaneous program was given under the direction of Miss Cromwell and Miss Gregory.

Besides the benefit and pleasure derived by the students from seeing the pictures, several of them permanently adorn our school. The frames for the pictures were made by the boys of the manual training classes. The eleven pictures purchased were: "End of Day," by Ada; "Vikings," by Douglass; "Monarch of the Glen," by Landeer; "Arrival of the Shepherds," by Lerolle; "Lost," by Schenck; "Temple of Philae," "Amalfi," "Castle of Chillon," "Stratford-on-Avon," "Columbo Breakwater," and "Concord Bridge," and "Achilles' Horses."

## **Azalea Show**

On Friday night, March 27th, an entertainment was given at the school for the benefit of the "Azalea." "Stunts" were furnished by each of the four classes, the German club the Dramatic club, and the Glee Club.

For their first appearance the boys of the Glee Club did themselves proud. The girls of the German Club, in costumes, won their usual success. The Dramatic Club girls, dressed in Japanese costumes, gave a very pretty fan drill.

The Freshmen babies with their nursery rhymes won success and popularity at their first show. If they keep up their record they will be "hummers" by the time they are Seniors.

The Sophomores were so generous that they furnished two stunts. Their motion picture "Tangoing under Difficulty" showed the troubles encountered by the young couple who tried to dance

to the enticing music of "Too Much Mustard." Eight of the Sophomore girls gave the Italian Vineyard Folk Dance. The girls were dressed in Italian costumes and their graceful dance well deserved the hearty encore which it received.

The Juniors claim their stunt was the "stuntest" stunt of the evening—that is, when none of the other classmen are around. Certainly debating the question "Resolved, it is better to be more foolish than you look, than to look more foolish than you are" would cause a great deal of laughter any time but when you add that notable Junior cast—watch out! The Honorable Percival Veronicus Aphas Kent and Miss Carolina Nationality Hillard upheld the affirmative, while Deaconess Simplicity Purrington and Reverend Ward Howard replied for the negative. We feel that the decision of the judges, that the affirmative go to Ukiah, and the negative to Napa was most appropriate.

The Seniors' wonderful drama, "Two Dollars and Seventy-Six Cents" showed the terrible ordeal of High School boys during Apple Show. The Senior class is very proud of the wonderful talent which produced such a marvelous play. As for acting—Sylver would have made Maud Adams ashamed of herself, and Carmen's best friends did not recognize her.

As a side show the Seniors also furnished an Art Exhibit in a recitation room. An extra admission of five cents was charged but the sight of so many beautiful pictures was surely worth it.

After the program, candy and ice cream were sold. Most of the audience stayed and enjoyed a little social chat afterwards. The evening was a decided success in every way and we feel sure that the old study hall walls never witnessed a better show.

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## The Legend of Azalea

By ELEANOR PURRINGTON

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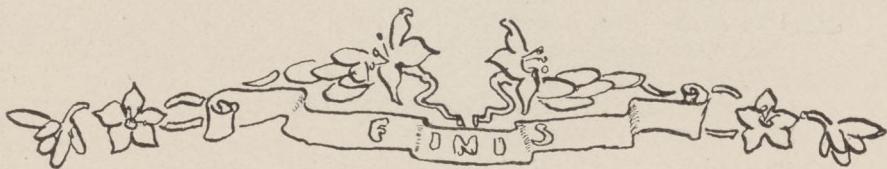
Long ago in California,  
In the land of song and summer,  
Rosy dawns and golden evenings;  
In the days that are unnumbered,  
Dwelt a chieftain with his daughter,  
He a warrior of great courage,  
Mighty valor and great wisdom;  
She a lithe and slender maiden,  
Soft brown eyes and cheeks of crimson;  
And this little maiden Azalea,  
Loved was she by all who knew her.  
Yet her heart was given wholly,  
To Keagan, famed for bravery;  
Tall, and straight, and handsome was he.

Now among the mists of evening,  
    Strolled Azalea with her lover.  
All about them grew the forest  
    Grew the oaks, madrones, the pine trees,  
By the water course the willows;  
    And the first soft flush of crimson  
Deepened in the sky above them.  
    Gold then came and mingled with it,  
And they saw it through the mist cloud.  
    As they looked they saw a twinkling  
As of something beckoning to them;  
    Soon into full glory blossomed  
Evening star, love—God, above them.

“Star of evening,” said Keagan,  
    “O Azalea, my star art thou.  
Tomorrow go I on a war trail,  
    On a bloody war trail go I.  
If I come not back, beloved,  
    Come not back to my Azalea,  
At the evening star then meet me,  
    In the rose and gold of evening,  
For ‘tis there I’ll wait thy coming,  
    Wait beloved, for thy coming.”

Five long days had passed forever,  
    Five long days of fear and longing  
For some news of brave Keagan.  
    On the evening of the last day,  
News was brought of awful bloodshed,  
    Keagan slain, and many captured;  
They were being held for ransom,  
    And their enemy, the warchief,  
Named Azalea, as the ransom.  
    Given by her people to him,  
As to his wife be given to him,  
    For he said he loved the maiden.  
  
On the river bank, now sat they  
    In a sad and gloomy council  
Pondering now that awful question  
    Of Azalea, Chieftain’s daughter.  
Still so many lives depended  
    On the outcome of that council,  
And their bursting hearts within them,  
    Colder than the snow-flakes were they  
Cold as frozen streams of winter.  
  
Then approached the little maiden  
    Sweetly smiling, looked upon them,  
Softly spake she thus unto them;  
    “Grieve not for me, oh my people.  
Look, behold the villain vanquished,

He no more can e'er torment thee ”  
Softly spake she there before them.  
Then uprose a misty vision  
Fairer far than all the even;  
T'was Azalea, chieftain's daughter;  
As a vision looked she to them;  
All her robes were gold and crimson  
Softly dimmed as in a mist cloud.  
Sweetly smiling looked upon them;  
Sprinkled from her hands the dew drops  
Like the clearest diamonds, sparkling,  
Caught the light and shimmering held it,  
The crimson hue and gold reflected  
Of the gorgeous heavens o'er them.  
Where they dropped a bush unfolded,  
Sprang up there as if by magic.  
As they looked the flowers unfolded  
Rosy hued, and gold, and misty,  
In each heart a dew drop holding.  
Five petals, had each azalea,  
Points, as has the star of evening  
All the splendor of the sunset,  
All the beauty of the evening.  
Then above them rose sweet music,  
Soft as the white mist cloud was it,  
Floated, eddied, echoed, elfish,  
Down upon the flowers wafted.  
There they caught and softly held it,  
Into perfume sweet transferred it,  
Crowned their beauty with sweet fragrance,  
Which upon the wind is wafted  
Gladdening those who chance come near it.  
Then the vision slowly floated,  
Up into the heavens floated,  
And Azalea met Keagan,  
At the evening star, Keagan.



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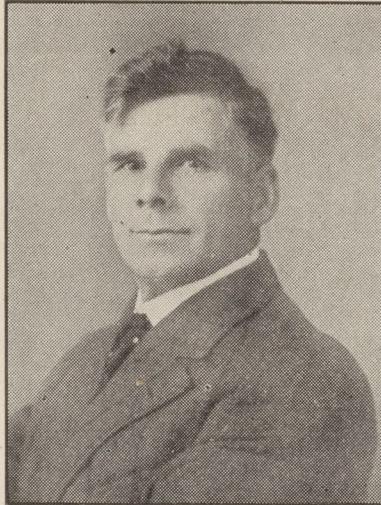
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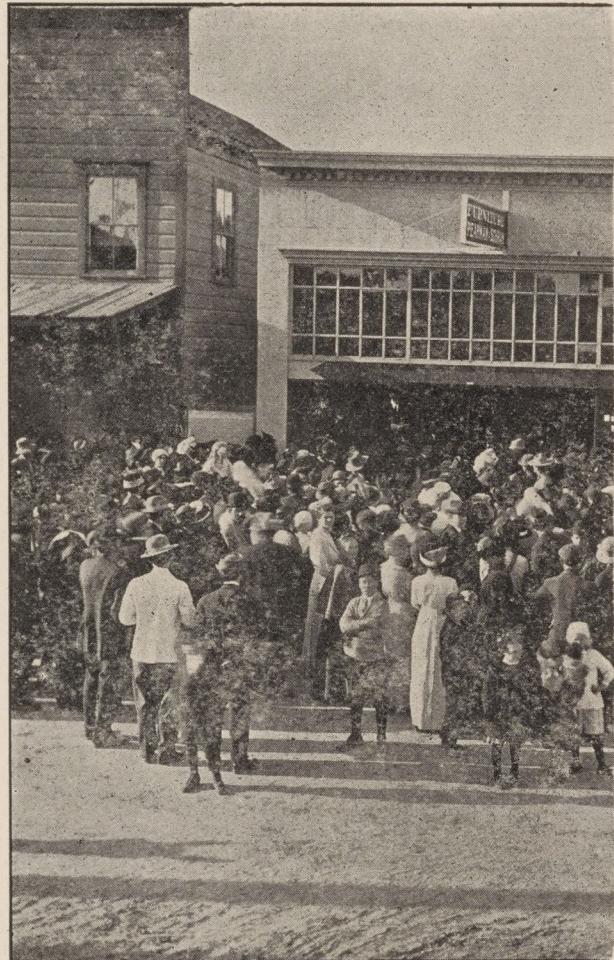
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